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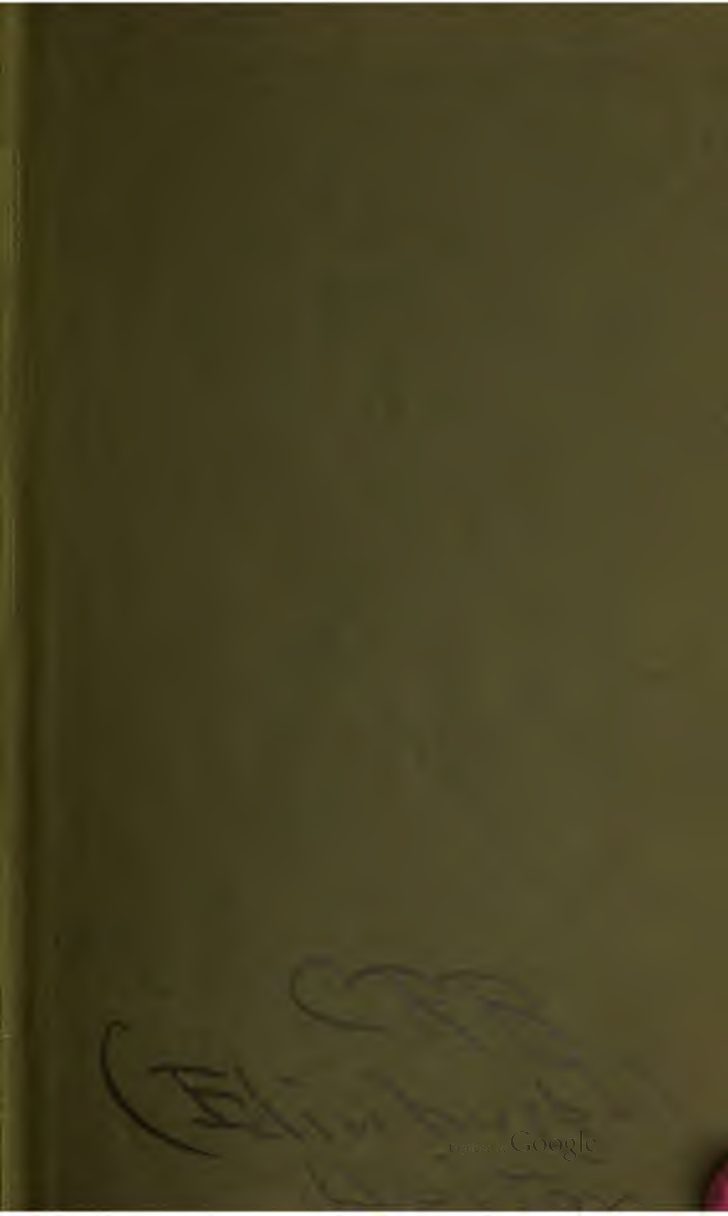
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Jas. Barrie

THE

CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

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Heiton

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THE

CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

BY

JOHN HEITON,

OF DARNICK TOWER.

Castes are like unto the steps of Jacob's ladder, insomuch as they lead upwards, but very unlike the same, in so far as they do not lead to Heaven.

OLD PLAY.

JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH.

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, LONDON.

M.DCCC.LIX.

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PREFACE.

THE papers which compose this volume, were published originally in one of our most respectable Edinburgh newspapers; and the Author now submits them to the public in this form, not so much on the recommendation of friends—so often an insecure ground of reliance—as on something like evidence which has reached himself, that they have been favourably considered by persons qualified to pass a critical judgment on their merits.

Perhaps in those days, when even as regards reputation, books are viewed as a light adventure, it is not necessary for the Author to say more in justification of his small attempt at authorship, unless it be, that while he enter-

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tains some hope of contributing to the amusement—he can hardly say instruction of his readers—he is at least satisfied that his efforts will do no harm to the interests of morality or good manners. It is also something to know a little more than what can be achieved by cursory observation, how the society of our beautiful city is constituted, and though he can boast of few sources of information not open to the easiest access, he has taken some small pains to collect the *entremets* of anecdote and allusion, without which—even divested of the personality which imparts piquancy—a work of this kind, in its nature light, and fugitive, could scarcely be expected to escape dulness.

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THE CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

POPE.

"LOOK you, sir. Your city is a very fine city, but it swarms with castes." The American was right: Our beautiful Modern Athens is in a swarm of castes, worse than ever was old Egypt or is modern Hindostan. True—it always was so, less or more. The honeycombed Old Town is just the forsaken hive, showing us the old receptacles of the different grades of the body corporate. There is now a swarm of a different kind there. The castes have gone over the North Loch, taking their *lares* along with them, and settled in the princely dwellings of the New Town. But it is not otherwise all the same with these castes as formerly. Nature, indeed, al-

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ways true in her organizations, cannot let go her old diploma by which she must erect castes everywhere. We are not to moralize at the strangeness of this phenomenon. Perhaps it is not a primary natural law that society should thus get into these divisions. We have heard it said that the tendency may be only an extension of the patriarchal state, and thus only secondary. But we can hardly see how society could get on without them. It is vain to say that America is free from them—no more she than we. Yet they change wonderfully. Very old men say they remember when our Old Town castes were so oiled with mutual respect that they wrought like the parts of a machine, every wheel contributing its quiet force to the general effect. There might be a little ambition now and then forcing one of a lower grade into a higher, but there was no such hatred and envy as we now see: the *vicino invidet vicinus* was less known.

The higher orders carried about with them the emblems of their dignity; there was the powdered head, the brocade, the lace, and the ruffles; the diamond ring, the gold-headed cane, the gold or silver snuff-box, the knee and shoe buckles; while the lower conceded the right, or even applauded the privilege. Mutual respect served in place of the police-ticket.

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"Keep to your right." The Duchess of Gordon (revived after an oyster spree) in her pattens, with her voluminous silken skirts pulled in swelling folds through the pocket-holes, to exhibit the show petticoat, and a toupee which raised the top of her bushel-bonnet a full foot from the level of her nose; Lord Newton (C. Hay) rolling home after a debauch; Adam Rolland, with his buckles and pointed toes and ruffled wrists, walking so jauntily, as if he were afraid to make a wrinkle in his coat; Lord President Hope, with his long cane; Dr Hamilton, with his cocked hat, and a cambric handkerchief in his left hand, and all the rest,—were religiously made way for amidst fealty, admiration, and respect,—and not so long ago all this. Outbursts there were, but they were paroxysms brought on by exceptional oppressions. As for money, it carried a man no higher than a civic dignity, and genius seldom lifted its head beyond the level of a passing *eclat.* There was no necessity for the great being entrenched behind the *chevaux de frize* of a bustling protection, for there was no *novus homo* or man of yesterday, under the *soufflé* of a false liberty, to strike his sword on the palisades.

Plebeian pride had got no wings or talons to soar and tear: it fluttered over the punch-bowl, and died

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in the temporary exhalations of its fumes. What a jolly time of it these old aristocrats had, when their very foibles and debaucheries, not less than their virtues, were applauded by their inferiors. A caste could be a patron in those days doing good to humble worth,—a noble lady swearing a sturdy oath,—a Gagliardo brandishing his weapon in a night brawl,—or a Glossogaster vaunting of the good things he ate.* What a change!—an avenging spirit is over

* We take a well known dowager as an example of the angularity of character which marked the bygone age. Sir John Stewart states, that being on a visit to the Duke of Hamilton at his lodgings in the Abbey, the Countess of Stair entered the room, seemingly in a great passion, holding in her hand a letter from Thomas Cochrane, Esq., afterwards Earl of Dundonald, to the Duke of Douglas, in which he affirmed that the Countess of Stair had declared, that, to her knowledge, the children said to be those of Lady Jane Douglas were fictitious; whereupon the Countess struck the floor three times with a staff she had in her hand, and each time that she struck the floor, she called the Earl a damned villain, which her Ladyship said was his own expression to the Duke. One can fancy the stately old lady in her high-heeled shoes, and hoop, flourishing her cane, and crushing the obnoxious letter in her hand, as she applied to its author the elegant epithet of his own suggestion.—WILSON'S *Memorials*, vol. i. p. 163.

Referring to the above note, we cannot help thinking, that the tendency of modern customs is to round the corners of character and to deprive us of subjects of delineation. It extends even to external appearance; we doubt if there will ever be another Kay; there is not a field for him: Society has become a piece of conven-

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us — a Nemesis has shot down upon us. There is war among the castes, but it is a war which increases them, hardens them, and vexes them. There are now ten or twelve well-defined castes in our city, from the titular Lord to the Applewoman.

The Nobleman, if he goes at all out of his circle, will have to do in a friendly way only with a few of the old honey-combed Norman proprietors.

The Aristocrats in family and land will with diffi-

tional acting, and all speech is subdued and uniform—the true character being behind, and scarcely ever seen. Where now will you find such prime bits as Dr Wood, the poor man's doctor, who, when seized by the Edinburgh mob for another man, and was on the eve of being thrown over the North Bridge, saved himself by crying out, "I'm lang Sandy Wood! tak me to a lamp-post, and ye'll see;" Dr Erskine of Old Greyfriars, so simple and absent, that he begged pardon of a cow against which he stumbled, and bowed respectfully to his wife in the Meadows, without knowing her; the convivial Dr Webster of the Tolbooth Church, beloved for his genuine heart and love of humour, who, so often when he came home at night full of claret, declared to his wife he had been with Dr Erskine, the most temperate of men, and was discovered by his host supping one of these nights with his own wife; the ingenious Lord Kames, who, feeling himself about to die, took farewell of his brother senators in a touching speech, and then added, as he was retiring, "Fare ye a' weel ye b—hes;" the eccentric Monboddo; the dry gristly atheist Hugo Arnot, described by Henry Erskine, who saw him picking a speldrin, as "So like his meat:" the witty Harry himself; the rough but hearty Braxfield; and so many others.

They belonged to a state of society when "the man" came out, and which may never return.

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culty condescend to a Paper Lord. The Paper Lords fight shy; they are scarcely anywhere, being too big for the Advocates, and too small for the Honeycombes. The Advocates keep the Writers to the Signet at bay, except when these have a fee in their hands. The Writers to the Signet look askance at the Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, and also at the Accountants; who again will have nothing to do with the Solicitors-at-Law.

The Painters and Litterateurs wriggle in an exclusiveness which they can scarcely get admitted, except by the Dilettantes. The latter, again, deficient in mental accomplishments, but having money, buy beauty in a picture that they may be thought men of taste. They tread heavy on the *terræ filii* who have brains. The Merchants—not great with us—stand between the Professionals and the Shopkeepers; these are getting up; the Big Panes despise the Little Panes. The latter expel the Tradesmen, who erect a *nez retroussé* against the Labourers. And these lord it over the Irish Fish-dealers, who will cut an Applewoman of a Sunday. Thus there is nothing left for the castes, but the exclusiveness of their dining-tables, with a guard at the door. Yes, with a little looseness at the lower end of the chain, the pressure upwards has become a war of

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pride and envy between caste and caste, and the entrenchments become the firmer and firmer as you ascend.*

Every one is castigating castes, and building up his own. Young Edinburgh is a great creature; he carries a delphine sword, which he strikes at all above him, and by which he slays the sacrifice to himself. The whole chain is like a Jacob's ladder, the spokes impact with wrestle and heart-throe. We see the higher castes smoothing down the lower with bland words of philanthropy, and all so covered with the conventionalities of propriety that the farce is acted as if by pantomimic personages.

* "We hear much of liberty and equality in our day, but in so far as the practical application of the liberal principle is concerned, our forefathers were certainly before us. The different classes, although as well defined then as now, associated more with each other, a better feeling was kept up between the higher and lower orders; and even the junior members of the community profited by the friendly and familiar intercourse which existed among all ranks and grades of society."—*The Gaberlunzie*, by JAMES BALLANTINE.

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CHAPTER II.

OUR EDINBURGH LADIES.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show ;
'Tis to their changes half their charms they owe,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

POPE.

MR UWINS, in his Memoirs, published some time ago by his widow—he wanted courage to publish them himself—asserted, in effect, that our Scotch women are all ugly. He is dead, that man, and good for him. If he paints in Hades, may Radamanthus punish him to paint for ever his own pimpled and carbuncled and bewhelked face, reflected in fiery phlegethon with our lovely Mary Queen of Scots looking over his shoulder. And no newspaper editor stood up for the honour of our fair townswomen! Miserable scribblers! Where were your iron pens, the leaden pellets of your types, the gall and antimony of your ink? The greatest blessing

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we can bless you withal is that you may be doomed in that same place,—Hades, to read your narcotic editorials on sanitories, reformatories, and refuges for social evils, to Somnus and the Sleeping Furies for ever and ever.

Meanwhile it devolves upon us to say that we have the most lovely women in the world—lovely for every virtue that can adorn the character—and every accomplishment that can polish and refine; and lovely in the possession of those stern doctrines of our Christian faith, which impart a beauty and fidelity to every other quality that places her price above all rubies.

In time past we used to read a great deal of that literature going by the name of Philosophy, hunting after an answer to the question—What is beauty? Whether it is merely a sensational thing, like taste, or smell,—or something like morality, which is discoverable in outside relations by reason. These inquiries have got mostly now into the wallet-bag of that old beggar Time, who never gives anything back; but, thanks to our respected townsman, Mr Hay, who has eliminated the principles, we are now quite certain that Beauty is something eternal and universal, existing in itself independently of the whims and caprices of our sensibilities,—

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" 'Tis not a lip or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all." *

This doctrine we gladly embrace in spite of our Senegalian friend Sambo, who, with colour, nose, and lips

* Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them.

The standards of beauty in women vary with those of taste. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European form the attactions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* countrywomen that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness:—when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundredweight. His very Graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which colour most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts; Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sydney

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a little "*trop prononcé*," declares upon his honour that, having perambulated Prince's Street, and studied all the fine faces he saw there, he cannot bring himself "to lub de white element ob society." Poor Sambo is no philosopher, and therefore he would prefer such a Fatima as that described by Park—dark as midnight and twenty-four stones avoirdupois—to that glorious creature of the same name pourtrayed by Lady Mary Montague, but not more glorious than some of our townswomen.

What, then, if we were to say, and we are to say, and now say, that all the wide world over there is not to be found a street, or square, or plaza, or park, or promenade, or trottoir, where you will see a finer collection of beautiful faces and figures, and complexions and graces, than in Prince's Street of Edinburgh any fine day at four o'clock by the bells of St Giles. Oh, we know we will have France and Spain up in arms, and China, and Africa, and all

Smith gives some good advice on the subject:—"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet, than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

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the rest, standing up for their beauties—but we care not. We are sure of our case, and heartily defy Monsieur, Signor, Bashaw, Nawab, Mandarin, or King Obi. The truth is, the tastes of all these people are seared and blunted, and twisted by original sin — a reason we are astonished Professor Blackie has not taken advantage of in answer to all those objections to his theory arising from contrariety in our subjectiveness. He is welcome to it for his next edition.

Then the strength of our case enables us to admit that you may find in Madrid, or Paris, or Constantinople, some superb creatures, but then does not every one know that all the rest are exuberantly plain or ugly. We may apply to them Berkeley's simile of a tribe of melons, all tame and insipid, with rare exceptions of one in a hundred rising to supreme excellence. Yea, in our Prince's Street, you do not find the mere national diversity of a race, such as Franks, Italians, Spaniards, or Hindoos, where the same contour or colour pervades all, now and then only culminating in beauty, but that wider diversity which results from a union of noble stocks—Celts, Saxons, Scandinavians, and Normans. The effect is obvious, if not striking—no two faces or figures alike, yet how numerous the fine characteristics of the best

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forms and features. To apply, again, our simile: they differ, like apples of rare kinds,—pippins, kings, and paradises—in size, plumpness, flavour, and colour, but with a general excellence pervading all,—not to say that they do not rise at times to as high altitudes as the Continentals, without, as the latter, shaming the general level. Nor do these grander creatures seem to think they are endowed beyond the common. Heaven bless that modesty, the fairest gem in the tiara of Scottish beauty—your fine mademoiselles, signoras, or begums, have their noses in the air, snuffing up the incenses of man's flattery. We are not afraid on this subject. We bid defiance to the nations, and they had better let us alone. We could show them, we suspect, something they don't dream of. Look to the thrones. Whence came the fine nose, the pearly teeth, and noble expression of our own Queen, but from Walter Stuart, and Bruce's daughter Margery? Why is Eugenie so fair as to be the wonder of even the French?—just because she inherits blood from the Closeburnians.* Is not the

* Though Sir Bernard Burke is a little dubious about Eugenie's Scotch blood, it is pretty certain that one of the Kirkpatricks settled in Malaga, and that one of his daughters (by a Spanish lady) reputed to be beautiful exceedingly, married a cadet of the great grandee Montijo's, who desired to put an end to mesalliance unless a lineage as long as their own could be shown on the par

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Royal Princess of Prussia, also in the line of the Scotch Stuarts, described as fair by the high-cheeked Berliners?

Who could have said that Miss Gilbert, when she disappeared from our Nelson Street, was destined to rule the heart and kingdom of Louis of Bavaria!—nay, was there not a Lowel spinner descended from us, who, married to a Mexican Dictator, walked as Mistress in the regal halls of Montezuma?

of the bride. Thereupon the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whom Sir Walter Scott called the Horace Walpole of Edinburgh, from his proficiency in virtu, supplied his fair countrywoman with a pedigree, beginning with that incident wherein Roger Kirkpatrick is recorded to have entered the church of the Minorite Friars, Dumfries, and completed the murder of the Red Comyn, whom Robert Bruce had stabbed on the high altar, but doubted if he had killed him outright, whereupon Kirkpatrick said, "I mak sicker" (sure); and that has been their motto ever since, their crest being a hand grasping a sword dripping with blood. The pedigree, beautifully drawn up, was sent to Spain, and when submitted to Ferdinand VII., the royal humourist on coming to that part of the heraldic humbug in which the origin of the bridegroom's progenitors seemed lost in the mists of ancient Caledonia, exclaimed—"Let the son of Montijo wed the daughter of Fingal." It is also pretty certain that a maiden grand-aunt of the Empress inhabited a very small house in Dumfries till within this last couple of years; and that her Majesty has several first cousins of the same Pictish patronymic, sons of her mother's sister, who married her cousin, holding respectable but mediocre mercantile situations, one of them having been in trade at Havre a short time back.

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Having thus said something in favour of their physique—thanks to some of our gods or goddesses,—we can't tell which (Libitina, perhaps), we need little defence for the psychique of our Scottish women, and those of Edinburgh in particular. They present themselves to us, first, as creatures of feeling—lovely, delicate, fond, and faithful. "Look you," (says Monsieur), "how do the women of your country get through their love affairs with so little trouble?" Just so. These Continentals think our females destitute of emotion because they use so little artifice in the expression of their feelings. Now, we do not wish to be too severe on the women of other countries. May Cupid pass us by, and avarice shrivel up our heart, if we are severe on any of the sex. Yet we aver that the women of France, Italy, Spain, and many parts of the East, are almost all born—flirts.*

* In the United States most of the young women have a lively turn for light literature. They have not much acquaintance with history or other serious reading, and but a smattering of many scientific things, picked up from casual lectures. They are taught the usual accomplishments of the sex. They are ordinarily but poor musicians, and know little of drawing; but they dance well and ride tolerably. There are many defective points which forcibly strike one recently arrived from the refinements of the Old World. Among these the loudness and harshness of the voice are the most disagreeable, and certain phrases familiarly used by the best among the ladies of Yankeeland fall on the English ear as inexcusable vulgarisms. No amount of vivacity or

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They have scarcely got to their feet when they begin that great work which is said to be the business of the sex, and it is all done by what we might call oftentatious reserve, artful coyness, acted modesty, a kind of hide-and-seek with a white hankerchief held out to tell where they are. They send their tiny darts from behind gauze defences, their dark and dazzling eyes leering the while to see how they strike. They do not wait till Cupid taps at the window on a rainy night (as Anacreon sings), and take him in through pity and dry his wings. They rather inveigle the little rebel. What delicious labour, behind the drooping rim of their sombreros, their fans, the corners of their transparent mantillas, their white veils, all kinds of windwoven defences; what work of attitudes, turning of the eyes, tintinnabulation of the tongue, stealthy slipping of their spying little feet (of which they are so proud), to make a true

naïveté can reconcile us to the long drawn out "Oh, yes!" or "Did yon ever!" or, "Yes, indeed!" or, "Do tell!" or, "Well, now!" of a New England *belle:* or the sharp, "I know it," or, "No two ways about that," "and *no* mistake," &c.; or the frequent violation of grammar and pronunciation. "It warn't," "Anywheres," "Not as I know of," "Going a housekeeping," "I'm a coming," "How have you ben?" "I'll do it right off," and a dozen such expressions, have shocked me "time and again" (to use one of their pet ones), coming from some of the sweetest lips in the United States.—GRATTAN'S *America.*

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spirituelle—a creature altogether so artificial that an honest Scotsman wonders if she really feels anything at all of the passion which makes a Scotchwoman sigh, but only in secret. Do they not act, on a small scale, the old atrocity of the robe of the Romans, called *Multice*, or *Ventus textilis*, described by Erasmus somewhere in his Colloquies—

> "And if in fact she takes to a 'grande passion,'
> It is a very serious thing indeed,
> Nine times in ten 'tis but caprice or fashion,
> Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead."

Or might we not call it Modesty in Arms, determined to conquer—to die? Ay, but they don't often die of the passion in those countries. If one Narcissus will not be caught another may; and the pining of these echoes is not among the rocks where the Shepherd in Virgil found Love, but only behind the arras of their counterfeit, waiting an opportunity for another display.

No, Monsieur, Scottish women do *not* get through their love affairs with little trouble. Their love is too deep, heartfelt, and sincere to be expressed by art. They do not first try to fascinate and then try to think they are fascinated. They receive the wound as the dove which closes its wings on the barbed shaft. Sometimes, like her, too, they die rather than reveal the secret. Yea, a Scottish

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woman never babbles a love-tale of her own passion. The secret of *her* love must be carefully drawn out through the throbbing heart, the dewy eye, the pressure of the hand that trembles as it presses; and the pressure is not an appeal—it is an answer. Trouble enough here, no doubt—often a delicious trouble; but it is seldom known to more than one. And we say, as is a woman's love, pure and secret, so are her other affections—her domestic virtues—tempering with her gentleness the fiercer and more rugged nature of man; and ever through the dark clouds as they gather above his head, she beams forth in her brightness the rainbow to the storm of his life. What deep and thrilling interest—what high and burning zeal—what quenchless ardour—what enthusiasm—what feeling and devotion, mark the ebb and flow of our fair countrywomen's affections! And what a *tintamarre* these Continentals make of theirs in comparison with this—like musical glasses, hollow and empty—not a drop of pure *lacryma Christi* there. As for the quiet virtue of household loves or domestic affections, they have no time for them, far less heart or soul. They will sweep with their silken skirts through the midnight masquerade or the pillared and groined cathedral, and leave their hearthstones unswept, and dry hearts round them

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too, uncheered with the music of their voices. They will listen to a serenade, a taratantara, or fandango; but the love-lyrics of the heart, by the blazing fire of their homes—such as ours of Burns or Tannahill—they have no soul for.

You must live in Scotland to see how our women manage these things.* Yet these Continentals cannot banish nature altogether. See how they flutter

* We have improved from the olden times. Ladies were supposed to like Malvoisie in the morning and Rhenish wine at night, and the poem from which we derive this information (Chambers's Annals of Scotland) gives such a curious picture of the life of a fine lady of 1600 that we are tempted to repeat some of the details. Her maids come to her apartment in the morning to light the fire and to prepare for the mysteries of the toilet. When all is ready the lady gets up, has her hair dressed by a couple of attendants, and, being bravely attired, looks in the mirror to see that all is as it should be. She has, however, to make a further preparation for the toils of the day; she drinks a cup of Malvoisie with sugar in it, and she walks out into the garden to breathe a little of the fresh air In the meantime breakfast awaits her, and she sits down to a trifling meal, which consists of a pair of plovers, a partridge, and a quail, together with a libation of sack. Thus fortified she goes about her household duties:—

> "To see your servants may you gang,
> And look your maidens all amang;
> And, gif there ony wark be wrang,
> Then bitterly them blame."

By the time that all this is arranged it will be proper to have some further refreshment, and the lady orders whatever dainty dishes she pleases—

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when they do get a touch of genuine pathos, as, by a translation of Scott or a mangled song of Burns, ay, or by a lilt from that jolly old fellow, Beranger—pity he was not a Scot—when he sings his fine "Old Woman," in imitation of "John Anderson." It is because we prize before mere intellect the genuine graces in a woman that we have given them precedence; but even as to intellect we have a spare gauntlet.* Have we not a host in Mary Somerville,

> "Ane cup or twa with Muscadel,
> Some other light thing therewithal,
> For raisons or for capers call,
> Gif that ye please to eat."

After this repast the lady reposes or reads a book until supper time, a meal which took place about five or six o'clock. The poet takes particular pains to mention that, while partaking of supper, it was necessary that the eating should be accompanied by music of the organ, the shalm, the timbrel, the viol, and the lute,—"to gar the meat digest." The evening might then be given to mirth, followed by a slight collation, of which a draught of Rhenish wine—"for it is cauld and clean"—is the only imperative duty. After such a well-spent day the lady retires to her couch to dream of silk, satin, and velvet, gold chains and pearl necklaces, rings, bracelets, and broideries.

* It does not accord with our plan to go very far back in our examples, otherwise, we could perhaps make a strong case; but, we cannot resist what is stated by Scotstarvit. He tells us that the bench was once graced by a woman. This was towards the close of the sixteenth century, when James, Earl of Arran, filled the office of Lord Chancellor. His wife, according to Scot, was accustomed to sit on the session on the bench beside the Lords of the Outer House, who called no tickets of causes but by her orders.—SCOT'S *Staggering State*, p. 8.

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who, though her ancestors were Norman, was of Scottish extraction? We grant the Continentals their Sevignes, their Daciers, their De Staels; but let them tell us who composed "Hardyknute"—"The Flowers of the Forest"—"Auld Robin Gray"*—"Roy's Wife"—or "The Land of the

* The history of our Scotch songs is exhausted. We give the following merely because it is put forth with something like new authority in Mr Conolly's late sketch of Bishop Low. Bishop Low, who was on terms of the closest intimacy with the Balcarres family for sixty years, and who was treated more like a kinsman than a visitor, gave a curious account of the ballad, which was to this effect:—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was produced soon after the close of the year 1771. Lady Margaret Lindsay had married and accompanied her husband to London; Lady Anne was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse herself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scottish melody of which Lady Anne was very fond. A dependant used to sing it to a quaint old song, and her Ladyship wished to adapt the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in her closet, Lady Anne called to her little sister Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near her:—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear,—I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wished to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! help me to one I pray?' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by the fair authoress and the song completed."

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Leal." Have they a Grizel Baillie, or a Joanna of the same name and kith, a Miss Jeanie Elliot, a Lady Anne Lindsay, a Lady Nairn, a Mrs Cockburn, a Mrs Grant, yea, a Miss Brown, or an Isa, with her inimitable "Ae lamb o' the Fauld," and her Burns's Prize—all of whom have had less or more to do with Edinburgh? No, they give us only a host of prima Donnas; but who of all their cantatrices has ever bestowed on us a stray feeling of beauty embodied in a written line of poetry? Not one—let her sopranise into the third heavens, and her apotheosis be celebrated by a *furore* as wild as a saturnalia.

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CHAPTER III.

THE HONEYCOMBES.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

POPE.

THERE was a merchant in Glasgow who, having acquired a fortune, and along with it the caste-feeling of wealth, was very much annoyed with one of his sons, who was so entirely destitute of pride that there was no getting him to be the son of his father ; he would associate with the humblest, and seemed never so happy as when he was in the society of excessively common people, enjoying their humours, their coarse but expressive language, their jokes, and their ale ; there was, in short, no way of getting John to be a gentleman ; the fine clothes lost their pile by rubbing against the frowsy smock-frocks of his chums, his money was spent among them, and

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his educational ideas were smothered by the slang of common life. Every remedy was tried without success, until at last his father was advised to buy for the youth a couple of miles square of Highland bog land, at a trifle an acre, build a small turretted house upon it, supply it with some Highland cottars, and send John with a Highland wife to be the laird. The plan was tried, and met with that success which attends schemes founded on a knowledge of human nature. The true Highland pride took root, and sprang up as naturally as hairs out of a Celt's nostrils. John became as genuine a Highland aristocrat as you might find in all Caledonia. As it is some time since this took place the Honeycombing has so far progressed, and by the year 1960 the family of John will be regular "Old Parchments," who would reckon it a degradation to be detected speaking familiarly with such pot-walloppers as John's old associates.

By our anecdote we mean no more than to indicate a truism, that land is the real root and nucleus of the aristocratic caste, retaining, in its wonderful influence on the sentiments of the proprietors as on the regards of the public, its perfect independence of the means by which it is acquired.* Almost all our old families

* The story in Hierocles of the man who offered a brick as a

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in Edinburgh owe their status and consideration to land, and we might expect the ordinary results in their manners and customs; yet perhaps it is true that there is more of exclusiveness and reserve in our Edinburgh specimens than you will find anywhere else in the kingdom. Nor would it be very philosophical to say that these features are merely phases of pride, a sentiment which exists in every creature, and flares out more offensively in the democratic beggar, as he struts about in the enthusiasm of something he calls liberty, than in the aristocrat. We glory in the noble sentiment embodied in Burns's song of a man's independence, unless where it is meant to be implied that a man can only be a man

sample of the house he had to sell, does not appear so absurd when we are reminded of Peter Pendriech, who was so enamoured of his purchase of a Highland property that he carried a part of the soil in his pocket, to show to some London friends—in whose estimation he wanted to stand high—as an evidence of his new honour. This is simply ridiculous, but the land-feeling takes on more obnoxious aspects, such as,—"information for the people," that trespassers will be prosecuted. Even pigs, who know nothing of meum and tuum, are not safe from being shot if they intrude upon the hallowed ground. A story goes that a proprietor, who made his money in the china and delft line, sent a letter to a great whig baronet in these terms:—"SIR, If your piggs (sic) are not kept off my ground I will shoot them." The answer was "SIR, I will comply with your request when you are able to spell a word with which you ought to be familiar."

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where he is poor, and especially a *sans-terre*. As generally accepted it reminds us, when we hear it in the true dithyrambic vein, of a blast of wind which, in seeking for a *vacuum*, knocks down old castles and towers and ancient oaks. We remember Lucian's story how Jupiter laughed when he saw Archimedes trying to confine air in a bottle, but we seldom think how he might laugh, and probably does, as he looks down and sees us little homuncles here below endeavouring to conceal our pride, at the very moment we are displaying it in the very form of a *proud* contempt for those who have, perhaps, less of the ugly thing than we, and ten times more to justify it, if it ever could be justified.

There may even, we suspect, be some ground for doubting whether the true caste-sentiment, when it is sufficiently mellowed by time, and takes on the form of a custom of action, and speech, and bearing, is properly designated by the term pride at all; or whether it is not rather a condition of the moral affections suited to a social position, and without which the latter would not, as nature intended, be sufficiently recognised and distinguished; for of this we must be satisfied, in spite of St Simon, Fourier, and Owen, that varieties of condition in society are about as natural and inevitable as the mental quali-

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ties by which men are distinguished, or the physical, whereby organic and inorganic entities are diversified, so as to be known. Diversity is a mean of knowledge as well as of enjoyment, and he who would reduce it runs a risk of landing in *nihilism*. Accordingly, nature's desire or propensity towards this moral shape is so well satisfied in the true Honeycombe that we expect what we find—those results of dignity and composure by which he is generally conspicuous.

We do not trouble ourselves with the question how much merit is due to that honour which is not exposed to temptation. It is enough for us to be satisfied of the fact that a man does not brag of his dinner and wine an hour or two after he has eaten and drunk it, neither is he to be feared for entering your larder or wine cellar; he would rather be at ease. If he is very sure of being sated every time he gets hungry, his composure will look a little like *nonchalance*, and his vivacity be sobered into *bonhommie*. Less or more of this belongs to all people who come to be well to do in the world; so vulgar a thing is a sop to democracy, unless, indeed, that democracy takes on the form of a tinkering of human nature, and then it is an incorrigible monster.

Nor do we see any reason for the other Castes

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worrying themselves with envy of the "Old Parchments," who are so numerous in Edinburgh, and keep so carefully apart from the new people as if, according to John Bright, they were made of porcelain and the others of delft. There are many considerations besides the common one, that every one has a right to choose his companions. We are always forgetting that, if there are many men who are born with a love of rule, there are also many naturally inclined to render homage; and we are doubtful if human nature, in any of its relations, ever yields an intercourse more genial, kindly, and satisfactory, than that which subsists between a rich, generous, and considerate landlord, and an obedient, grateful, and not slavish servitor.

How many feelings—some of them very ennobling and beautiful, and not inconsistent with a stoical virtue—would be destroyed by the wild theories of blenders of Castes! We have evidence of it in the very literature of history and fiction, which the people of our day gloat over for the very reason that it is picturesquely diversified by the romancer's art of introducing the lights and shades of high and humble life. It may be true, notwithstanding, that the humbler orders might have some cause to complain of the decrees of fate were certain families

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destined for ever to be lords of the soil; but this, by the very efforts of nature herself, who does so much for us at the very time we think she is doing nothing, is impossible. Do we not see them tumbling down every day principally through the disintegrating effects of extravagant heirs,—

> "At opera and plays parading,
> Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading,
> 'Till at Vienna or Versailles
> They rive their father's auld entails."

The Highland Lairds are almost all sold out,* and

* The vicissitudes of Scotch families would form a good subject for a moral sermon. Passing over the Stuarts themselves, how many old Scotch or Highland families have been reduced, and divested of their lands and honours. The great Clanronald Macdonalds, who disputed the supremacy with the Lord of the Isles, are gone, and their islands and properties on the mainland are divided among strangers. Reay's country, the ancient inheritance of the Mackays, is now the property of the Sutherlands. The territory of the clan Farquharson has gone over to the Queen, and the proud Macnabs can claim only a burying-place on an island in Loch Tay. The list might be extended to pages. Coming to individuals, Ann, Duchess of Hamilton, proudest, richest, and best born heiress in Scotland, was at one time so reduced as to owe her daily bread to the expertness in millinery of her follower, Miss Maxwell of Calderwood, whom she afterwards requited magnificently. Charles Gordon Urquhart, laird of Burdsyards, one of the renowned family of Urquhart of Cromarty, "after passing many years as an officer in the Scots Greys, and mixing in the first society of London and Edinburgh, was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his estate, sank, step by step, to the low-

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their possessions have been bought by enterprising merchants, who, in their turn, will be Honeycombes in the course of the next century. Giddy heiresses,

est depth of misery, and came at last a wandering beggar to his own door, or rather to that door which had once been his own." He retained only the ancient burial-ground of Kirkmichael, which, having descended in strict tail, is now possessed by David Urquhart, who would rather lose his head, than give up this heritage, which secures him the chieftancy of the chivalresque Clan Urquhart. Of that heroic tribe, who has not heard of the twenty-five sons of the famous Thòmas Urquhart, of whom seven fell at Pinkie, and others "travelled with great gallantry to forrain countries," as quaint old Sir Thomas Urquhart, in his "Pantoxronoxanon" has it; or of Lady Margaret Urquhart, in whose clothes her brother James, Earl of Airlie, escaped the night before his intended execution, after being taken prisoner at Philphaugh.

If we look to Ireland, we find the same causes in operation, quickened by the Encumbered Estates Act. Take an instance or two out of hundreds: that of the heiress of Connemara, the daughter of the famous Dick Martin, who, literally a princess in her own right, if judged by the extent of her possessions and of the antiquity of her lineage, died all but an actual pauper, the other day, as it were. What story of fiction is more striking than that of D'Arcy of Clifden Castle, Galway, who, after the ruinous sale of his estates, took orders and became a missionary in the very district which used to be his own; or what more marvellous instance of the depreciation of property than in the sale of Castle Hyde, Cork, the inheritance of one of the Clarendon Hydes, and first cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, deprived of his fine old place in the famine. But what are these to the changes in the family of Cromwell:—"Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Protector's great-grandson, was a grocer on Snow Hill, and his son, Oliver,

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too, help the process, for Love sometimes laughs at entails as well as at locksmiths; and if we add that old families—never great proletaires, from some cause which physiologists have not been able to explain—die out, and their properties seek heirs among those whom the patricians of the house despised, we see very good reasons for not being much dissatisfied with a system which, besides not being for ever exclusive, is often a good support to the virtues, and of which the worst that can be said is that great people elect to choose their own companions, as if the same liberty were not insisted for by every one above the bearer of a wallet-bag; and even beggars will only potwallop comfortably with their own kith and kin.

It is surely a great comfort to those who wish to rise into these altitudes to know that if the brave deserve the fair, they may get their desert by abjuring faint hearts. We have all heard the story of

the last male heir of the family, an attorney of London. Several of the Protector's grand-daughters' children sank to the lowest class of society. One, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a little Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters; the elder the wife of a shoemaker, and the younger of a butcher's son, who had been her fellow-servant. Another of the Great Oliver's great-grand-daughters had two children who earned their scant bread by the humblest industry, the son as a small working jeweller, and the daughter as the mistress of a little school at Maidenhall."

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Bowes, the low adventurer, who had pluck and address enough to obtain the hand of the famous Countess of Strathmore, and whose name of Bowes, conjoined with Lyon, now figures on the parchments of that ancient house. It would require a fine analyst to distinguish the globules of the Bowes blood from those of the Lyon in the veins of the existing descendants.

The same process is continually going on. It is not yet sixty years since a Highland family, not far from Pitlochrie, which had got well riddled and crusted by time, fell into the scrape of having no male heir. There was no entail, and every chance of the family going down among the snobs. No one of the neighbouring lairds' sons could come to the rescue. But what has beauty to do with the pride of Highland lineage? So thought a gallant officer whose germ had sprung into existence somewhere about the Saltmarket. He had heard of the impending danger, hurried to the breach, and married the heiress off-hand. No sooner had he settled among the heather than, like the John of our story, he felt the divine spirit of aristocracy rising up in him; but then he was a *novus homo*, and how could he carry his wife's name? What was to be done for the gallant Major, who had burned to be a Honeycombe?

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He consulted a lawyer, and got his wife to entail the property upon himself and his descendants, under the condition that he, the Major, should bear the name and arms of the old proprietors of this piece of hill and bog. He accordingly changed his name —built an addition to the old mansion, to make it as like a castle as possible—strutted about as a Highland Lord, and got very easily over head and ears into debt. Yet, such was the rabidness of his ambition to have the property kept in the line of the Saltmarket blood, that, regardless of the claims of his children, he conveyed it to trustees, for the purpose of conserving the entail, by collecting the rents and paying off the debt through a long course of years; nay, so long was the scheme a-working that it was not till the third generation, and after many of a large family had died, that the heiress, a granddaughter, got a penny out of the estate. Then she plays the same game as her grandmother, gets a *novus homo* of poor descent from England, who carries the name, lives upon the small rents, and gets among the "Blue Veins;" and all this complicated work is about a piece of hill-ground, the income of which is not more than that of a well-to-do sausage-maker.

The examples of families dying out, and being succeeded by upstarts, are no less common. We all

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know the rise of the Forbeses (Copperbottoms) of Callendar—only one generation served to raise them into Honeycombes—the son of the first Copperbottom having married the daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.*

* The Honeycombes are sometimes great moralizers, and talk of fate, who is rather heavy on them. They are fond of great mausoleums, on which there is generally written some lines indicating the fleetness of life, the vanity of human wishes, and the greatness of their houses. They have a good deal to lose, and are not ever quite reconciled to give up their possessions; and when they come to be obliged they naturally complain a little, either in borrowed Latin or Greek. If the successor praises the predecessor, it is only because he is satisfied the whole family is great, and that the world sustains an awful loss in the departure of every scion. An upstart on the property of an ancient family pays great attention to the new mausoleum, that, if possible, it may outstrip the monuments of the extinct family. Could anything be grander than the monument to the first Copperbottom, erected on the ruins of the Earls of Liplithgow and Callendar. The widow has erected a splendid mausoleum to the memory of her departed lord. It is circular, 45 feet high, with a rustic cell 19 feet in length and 36 feet high. Over a Doric entablature rises what within is a dome, and without is covered with a stone tiling and rib mouldings. Over the door in the north of the cell is a G[illegible] inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"All things we mortals call [illegible]
Are mortal too and qu[illegible]
But could they all fo[illegible]
We soon from th[illegible]

Edinburgh is on the eve[illegible]
to the memory of th[illegible]
recommend the r[illegible]

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There is also a rapid honeycombing going on in the numerous participators of the enormous fortune—ill-gotten to a large extent—left by the notorious Gilbert Innes of Stow, the grandson of a poor Highlander who rented a small farm called Rora in the north. According to the law of honeycombing, the vices of the money-maker* do not affect the escutcheon adopted by the descendants, and in this

* M'Nab of M'Nab, when accused in Court of having some thirty bastards, stood up and said,—"It 's no true, my Lord, I hae only twenty-four;" but we have it on as good authority, that Gilbert Innes did not deny to thirty-six. One solitary fact will for ever secure for this man the proper estimate of his virtues. Among the last of his victims was a woman—otherwise decent and well-behaved—who lived in James' Square. She had borne to him several children, and thought that she had possession of his affections. She saw that he was getting very old and infirm—not far from eighty-six—and began to be apprehensive that she and her poor family would be left unprovided for. Under this fear she prayed him earnestly to make some arrangement, whereby she and they might be placed beyond the danger she dreaded; a promise was given that she would be made safe, but she was acquainted with his procrastinating habits, and at every visit she repeated her request, until he became fairly reduced to do something for the sake of peace. One day, accordingly, he came to the house, and having seated himself, drew out of his pocket a paper parcel, very nicely tied up, in addition to being as carefully sealed with large blotches of wax. He handed it to her with as much solemnity as his nature was capable of, told her it contained a settlement in her favour, and enjoined upon her the obligation not to open it till she heard of his death,—using a severe threat, that if she disobeyed him in this she would fare the worse. The

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case, we believe, that a motto was chosen,—"The Lord willed it." Some half-dozen of old family inheritances have been bought by the children of the heir whom the Lord willed to succeed to the fortune of this man. It is only the great income of £15,000 a-year which induces us to particularize the H——s of P———ff, a family in the West End, which originated some ninety years ago in a respectable shaver. What fine old Honeycombes the Yeamans of Murie were, who used to be in Edinburgh, and whose name is extinct some years ago. The story goes that the first of them was a sailor, the son of the famous witch, Girzel Jamphray, whose memory is connected with tar-barrels and prickers. The young Jamphray having come up the Tay, and seen what he ascertained to be the flames of the pyre on which his mother was burnt, turned his helm, went to the West Indies, became a buccaneer, returned a rich man under an assumed name, bought the fine estate which was then, as it is now, in the market for sale, and founded a family, which came to be among the most respectable in all the Carse of Gowrie.

woman was perfectly satisfied,—nay, delighted, and things went on as before.

It was not long before this bank governor died worth £800,000, and when the woman opened the packet, she found in it a sheet of blank paper.

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To understand the Land-caste of Edinburgh, we must know that the families naturally connected with the city, from the proximity of their properties, such as Niddry, Edmonstone, the Inch, Dalmeny, St Germains, Prestonfield, the Grange, and so forth, form but an insignificant portion of this ramifying Caste. Some of these, indeed, take their rise from civic dignitaries, in whose elevation, abilities, honesty, and public spirit had a share.

It may rather be said that the city is a kind of rendezvous for the Honeycombes of Scotland, and many too from England, who take houses for a year or two, alternating their residences with their country mansions and castles, which they occupy during the summer. It is of no importance to the permanency of the Caste how often they shift, for their scent of each other transcends all mortal sympathies. It is said by some naturalists that bees know their brethren and sistern of the same hive by the scent, and truly it would seem that our Honeycombes have a wonderful faculty in discovering the flavour of mildewed parchments, and even distinguishing by the nose the degree of intensity, ranging from pure green up to the yellow rotten mould, which corrodes both skin and wax seal, and leaves the glorious vestiges in trollops and rags as old as the Conquest; and so in

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proportion is their love of each other,—hardly observable where the skin is only fifty years off the sheep's back, but increasing as the age increases up and up, till the pity is that the ascent cannot get so far as the skin of the goat that suckled Jove. An arrival of one coming near to such as are of the age of Haig of Bemersyde, Hunter of Polmood,* Stirling of Keir, Hay of Dupplin, Scott of Scotstarvit, Ramsay of Dalhousie, and such like deities, spreads among the class with a celerity far quicker than the movement of such a vulgar power as electricity. They seem to know, as if by instinct, that an addition has been made to the forces required to repel the inroads of these terrible modern mill-spinners, merchants, and tradesmen, all odorous of really the products of nature, who with their land purchases, coaches, powdered lacqueys, escutcheons, and emblazonings, are coming so provokingly near that every day they tremble lest the common creatures, in their grotesque imitations, touch the brass of the knocker, perhaps made by some of them, and demand entry like a knight at the

* This is said to be one of the oldest Scotch families; yet the descent has more than once been broken. The blood of an Edinburgh merchant now fills the veins of the Polmoods. There was an old prophecy that the Hunters of Polmood were never to prosper. In Hogg's time the ownership of the property had been contested for fifty years.

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palisades. And then the dignified complacency of their evening assemblages, where two hands meet, moved by that very nervous fluid, and two pairs of eyes shine on each other with the self-same effulgence that directed the hands and illumined the eyes of their *pro-abavi* five hundred years ago. What to this is any mere emotion which could heave the hearts or bedew the eyes of fathers and sons, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, who have been separated only for the small period of twenty years, —only a vulgar hysteria to a divine complacency.

Alas, for poor human nature! there are many reasons other than what we have given why men need not trouble themselves to envy those who are called great. It is too true that they are eternally smothering their natural affections, lest they should offend that decorum which consists in disobeying nature; and we suspect they are not good sufferers, in a world the evils of which they are always trying to shut out by merely conventional stratagems. So pampered, too, by menials, and such idolaters of each other and themselves, they are often so ill fitted for bearing the chastisements of Providence, which are strange and cruel to them, that they make fretful sick-beds; nor has this aught to do with good or evil deserts, for generally they are superior not only in

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their outward respect of the virtues, but in their practice of them, though rather as worldly offerings to earthen shrines than heartfelt sacrifices to Heaven. So true it is that wealth, which is a wand of power in the hands of a wizard, changes into a serpent and strangles him.*

* "It has been wisely said that there lie as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them. I have a rich neighbour who is so busy that he has no time to laugh. God knows that the cares which are the keys which keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights when others sleep quietly."—ISAAK WALTON.

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CHAPTER IV.

OUR MEN OF GENIUS.*

"Where'er the rays of Science cheer mankind,
Or Learning's hallowed light illumes the mind,
There Knowledge pours her countless treasures forth,
And points to Wisdom, Honour, Fame, and Worth;
There splendid talents proud distinction claim,
There Genius earns a never-dying name,
Virtue asserts her power, and Merit tries
No more in vain to bear away the prize."

It is only a phase of the natural pride of man, that contention which is to be found in histories between rival countries and rival towns on the subject of claims for the honour of having given birth to great men. The greatness must, of course, be measured by the admiration of mankind,—a test with

* In a review of Lord Cockburn's "Memorials," the *Witness* remarks:—"Ireland produced many famous orators, shrewd statesmen, and great authors, but they did comparatively little for Dublin, even previous to the Union. With the writings of Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Thomas Moore before us,

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which we must be contented, though heaven knows how poor a one it often is. Were that admiration founded always on the two great considerations, power and beneficence, we might be pleased to acquiesce, but it more often happens that they are not combined in one individual, and that we adore power without goodness far more frequently than we do

we can point only to one work which continues to live in English literature—"The Draper's Letters"—that issued originally from the Dublin press. London drew to itself the literary ability of Ireland, and absorbed and assimilated it, just as it did a portion of that of Scotland, represented by the Burnets, Thomsons, Armstrongs, Arbuthnots, Meikles, and Smollets of the three last ages; and in London the Irish became simply Britons, and served to swell the general stream of British literature. But Scotland retained not a few of her most characteristic authors; and her capital—in many respects less considerable than Dublin—formed a great literary mart, second at one time, in the importance and enduring character of the works it produced, to no other in the world. Nothing, however, can be more evident than that this state of things is passing away. During the last quarter of a century one distinguished name after another has been withdrawn by death from that second great constellation of Scotchmen resident in Edinburgh to which Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Jeffrey belonged; and with Sir William Hamilton the last of the group may be said to have disappeared. For the future, Edinburgh bids fair to take its place simply among the greater provincial towns of the empire; and it seems but natural to look upon her departing glory with a sigh, and to luxuriate in recollection over the times when she stood highest in the intellectual scale, and possessed an influence over opinion co-extensive with civilized man."

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goodness without power. Though at the expense of wandering a little in the beginning of our subject, let us just remark, that, even in the case of Homer, about whose birth-place so many cities contended—the question still remaining whether there ever was such a man at all—we have, we suspect, only one of the attributes; for, in spite of Mr Gladstone and Colonel Mure, we could never find in the immortal Iliad—by way of a mere amateur's mode of reading of it—a single sentiment which tends to raise human nature much above the level of selfishness and cruelty. His gods are no better than Montagnaros of Olympus, and his goddesses furies of the guillotine, much fonder of blood than of the true nectar—souchong. His humanities, excepting some pretty touches about Andromache, which appear extraneous, and very likely the work of a gentler hand, are all stained with gore, and only varied in the different ways of hashing and hammering the wretched bodies of his chief actors.

Coming up a little in time, it is certain that Alexander of Macedon deserved a rope only so much less than Burke (not the sublime), that he was a god, or his mother a liar; and we are to remember that, though the ancients often murdered the men whom they subsequently made gods of, they never hanged

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them after their apotheoses, for the reason probably that they could not get at them in heaven.

No one knows upon what principle Edinburgh has proceeded in honouring her great men by monuments. She has not kept by her own illustrious children, insomuch as she has statues to those who were not born within the sound of St Giles' bells; nor has she honoured her own offspring who have proved themselves worthy of commemoration. And then, when she has condescended to raise a memorial, it is either far above or as much below the merits of the individual. For our parts, were the beauty of the city not concerned, we care little. Monumental honour is but a rough way of measuring merits at the best, whether they be of power or of beneficence, and it often resolves into a proof of the saying of Jean Paul,—"The sprig of the laurel, like the lemon in the mouth of the wild boar, is never put into our mouths until we are shot and dished up;" if indeed it may not be said generally, in reference to stone and lime expressions of our admiration, that they are principally due to those who leave nothing to testify to their greatness save that gratitude which is so often written in sand.

Had we our choice we would devise city monuments on another principle. We would celebrate

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those powers and virtues through which a place is renowned, by a composite erection, with representative allegories, in which all the great men who had contributed to a department might have a place. In the designing of these, such as Mr Noel Paton would have more congenial subjects than in allegorising Wallace on the top of a crag where he never stood, just as if mere physical elevation had any thing whatever to do with moral grandeur, unless perhaps to dwarf it. In our view, Edinburgh is chiefly famous for achievements in metaphysics, medicine, political economy, criticism, political liberalism, romantic fiction, Scottish poetry, popular and periodical literature, geology, and, we may mention, as disjoined from medicine, anæsthetics. Some things which we might have good right to claim we can afford to concede to other claimants—such as chemistry to Glasgow, and bitter ale to Burton-upon-Trent; but, remembering the great celebration under the genial dynasty of John Wilson, we cannot part with the haggis.*

* The competition of Haggises, which took place in Edinburgh a good many years ago, was the suggestion of Professor Wilson. Every man was to bring his own haggis. There were some eighteen or twenty on the table. We have heard the names of some of the competitors,—the Ettrick Shepherd, Blackwood, John Johnstone, George Boyd (of Oliver & Boyd), and of course Wil

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Chief in our metaphysical allegory would stand, of course, David Hume, with subsidiaries to represent Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and Sir William Hamilton.

The power of the chief is undisputed—the beneficence is questioned at least by the women. From that day when the washerwoman at the North Loch threatened to drown "the Atheist" down to this, when, to the dismay of our present townswomen, there appears carved upon his tomb in the Calton, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," the great metaphysician has been the object of female hatred. It was in vain that the good-natured man tried to conciliate them by that pretty and ingenious essay of his on love and marriage. He is still the fiend in human shape who has shut upon thousands of human beings the portals of heaven.* You may at

son himself. It was a hard judgment: many were perfectly bewildered with twenty different tangs on the tongue at once. James Hogg cried out—"I gie it up—its perfectly impossible." "We would need the haill fifteen," cried another; "and I'll be d——ed if they could decide it," roared Wilson.

* The philosopher was well repaid by the admiration of his male friends; but we do not take as any evidence what he says on that occasion described by himself in his letter to Dr Robertson: "What happened last week when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duke de B. (Bour-

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some tea party, where the fury runs over even more luxuriously than the old maids' decoction, try to remind them that they pay a poor compliment to the sublime doctrines of their faith when they attribute to a mere creature so great a power; for, in the true Calvinistic spirit, they will tell you, that he was pre-ordained to be the greatest enemy to Christianity that Scotland or any other nation ever produced. We dare not say, why hate the poor pre-ordained man? for, of course, the reply is ready, that good staunch Hume-hating tea coteries were also in the decree.

Nay, we believe that they view even Clovenfoot

deaux, afterwards Louis XVI.), a boy ten years old, the eldest, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself of the number, from the pleasure he had received from reading many passages in my works. When he had finished, the Count de P. (Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.), who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me I had been long and impatiently expected in France, and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But what is more curious, when I was carried thence to the Count D. (d'Artois), who is but four (six) years of age, I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends the Parisian philosophers than this incident."—RITCHIE'S *Life of Hume.* We suspect all this to have been a bit of French politeness—not so curious as David's own curiosity.

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himself with less disfavour. Though they wont read Hume, they will hang with great gusto over Professor Blackie's translation of Faust,—in the new edition of which, by the by, we hope the author has seen proper to make the flea prick the courtier, and not, as formerly, the courtier prick the flea,—or "The Gentleman in Black," or the "Address to the Deil," wherein there is indulged a kind of notion that Auld Nickie-ben

"Might even tak' a thought and men';"

a hope they never would have extended to the Author of the Essay on Miracles, even if he had been living in these days. There is a story that Jeffrey tried to joke Mrs Russell out of her hatred of the philosopher, saying to her, that his style was so clear and lucid that she might see her pretty face reflected in it. "Heaven forbid," she replied, "for it would be the face of an atheist." "The Goddess of Reason was a pretty French girl," was the retort. "We women have little to do with reason," replied she, "I would rather be the Goddess of Love." "And what would you make me?" said the hopeful but incautious critic. "Why Cupid, to be sure." A man never regrets the littleness of his body so much as when he is in the presence of woman.

But whatever may be the antipathies to Hume as

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a writer on religion—and it must be admitted that herein he was more incautious than was consistent with his great good sense and knowledge of the world—he was beyond all doubt the greatest metaphysician the world ever saw. He is a miracle of clearness where almost every other man is a mystified, purblind groper, who touches a cloud and cries out El Dorado. By two or three leading ideas, so simple that even a child might understand them, he startled the moping philosophical beliefs of thousands of years, and by "repulsion," created the Scottish School of Metaphysics, and also the German School of Critical Philosophy. The Germans, proud of the antiposition, love to place the fine, fat, gawsy face of our townsman opposite to the small, twinkling eyed visage of Kant,—a wonderful antithet, for they are the two poles of all the world of metaphysical thought.

In our second group would appear as principal the great Cullen, who, though born at Hamilton, and resident for a time in Glasgow, where he lectured on Chemistry, was bred at our College, and latterly came to Edinburgh, which became the mother of his imperishable publications. For secondaries, there is a host in the Monros, Gregories, Hamiltons, Bells, Abercrombies, Alisons, Bennets, Laycocks, for we may say that our city has never been without some

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great medical name, though we die just about as thick as anywhere else. In drawing the serpent of Æsculapius Mr Paton would not forget the dove, long famous for mutual affection, *annuimus Columbi.* Adam Smith would be the Coryphæus of political economy, standing almost alone, if Mr Burton would not consent to hand him that particular pin he describes so wonderfully in his "Wealth of Nations," wherewith to bind his mantle; yea, as yet almost alone, he might stand on the *umbilicus orbis terrarum.**

For Criticism, we have, of course, Jeffrey, among whose angels Lord Kames would be entitled to his wings,—for no one could say that the Edinburgh Reviewers could clip them, if indeed the doubt be not whether his "Elements," described by Johnson as a pretty book, do not entitle him to take the precedence of Jeffrey, whose criticism, however elegant, never took on any systematic form. Mr Paton would have room here for numbers of those little harpy creatures he draws so well, with sharp beaks pecking at Genius, as she stands in the glare of Jeffrey's grey eye, so stern, yet so kind.

* We might apply Pascal's remark on Cleopatra's nose to the capture of Adam Smith by the gypsies when he was three years old. If the child had not been recovered, what state would Great Britain have been in?

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How many competitors for the principal figure in political liberalism? Yet can there be any doubt about Brougham, if he would take off at his sitting to the artist those tartan trousers, a vestment which no Muse except her who inspires the bagpipes, or perhaps that stately hizzy who appeared to Burns in the midst of the reek, has ever taken under her protection?* A terrible swarm of gentlemen, many

* At the present day the gorgeous clan colours formerly worn in the Highlands are very generally superseded by the dull uniform grey of the shepherd's plaid, a species of stuff which Lord Brougham has fairly immortalized. Everybody who has seen his lordship for the last twenty years or so, has seen the famous black and white trousers in which he delights. The fact as to these monotonously succeeding garments, we believe, from good authority, to be this: When Lord Brougham was in Inverness—about the time referred to—he purchased from Mr. Macdougall cloth for no less than forty pairs of shepherd tartan trousers, and in this ample supply he has been going on ever since. The tendency of greyish stuff, however, to take the place of the ancient clan colours, would not have been less marked had Lord Brougham never worn anything but broadcloth. We have said that his Lordship purchased cloth for forty pairs, a rather startling fact, only to be explained by the *res gesta*. The order, we believe, was cloth for three pairs, but the Highland dealer having mistaken the order sent three pieces. His Lordship got three pairs cut off and returned the rest, but the Highlander, with characteristic perseverance, again sent the pieces to his Lordship who, for the humour of the thing, consented to retain them. We may call this a "drapery" anecdote, and the following may very appropriately accompany it. Lord Campbell relates of Lord Brougham what he calls a "napery" one, and which has been attributed to meaner

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with wigs, but all with open mouths and very windy chylopoetics, would create a difficulty in selection.

Romantic Fiction, as emblematised in that grand structure in Princes Street, demands unanimity of admiration. We, of course, are bound to except: the Monument is not one of our pet composite tributes. It is too much for one man in the midst of others, past or to come, whose genius in their particular walk was or may be scarcely less than Scott's. At least, judging from his own generosity in all matters, except politics and Reform Bills, we might calculate on the consent of his Shade, as under the moon she comes from the old ruins of Dryburgh and hangs over that figure so quiet beneath the Gothic pile, to allow us to appropriate some niches to smaller men. Nor will Coila, another genius, object to our proposal to cauterize that wart on the face of her sister, the Lady of Calton—well knowing that her Bard did not love these things on the faces

authorities. Mr Brougham, while a youth, resolved on performing a pedestrian tour to the Trossachs. At Stirling he "put up" at the house of a lady who had dealings with his father. Everything was arranged for the comfort of the future Chancellor til the morning, when a loud knocking was heard at the door of the young barrister,—"Get up, Maister Henry," cried the old hostess, "there's twa southrons come to their breakfast—your sheet is the only table-cloth we've got in the house, and we wad like to be decent."

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of his beauties, in the degree in which the Persian poet did moles. We would give some pretty faces about him, in some suitable design between the Royal Institution and St John's Chapel. Burns certainly is not ours, but he drew his inspiration from Fergusson, who belongs to us, and he sang the praises of our city, the beauty of our Burnet, and the charms of our Clarinda, and he resided among us for a time. The pity is, we can hardly expect to get honest Allan to walk across the garden and form one of a group along with Fergusson. Yet what is he to do, that gentle pastoral poet, on the face of a rampart, which is only not bristling with cannon that we have no invading enemies at present; unless we are to suppose that when the Armstrongs and the Warrys are placed there, they shall bang away to the tune of "Corn riggs are bonny."* We owe this blot to the mere accident that Allan was of the forbears of Lord Murray.

* Allan was scarcely less free from criticism in his own house—"the poet's nest." The poet was extremely proud of his new mansion, and appears to have been somewhat surprised to find that its fantastic shape rather excited the mirth than the admiration of his fellow-citizens.

The wags of the town compared it to a goose pie, and on complaining of this one day to Lord Elibank, his Lordship replied,—"Indeed, Allan, when I see you in it I think they are not far wrong."—WILSON'S *Memorials*.

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We wish we could settle the question of priority in the institution of our cheap periodical literature to which we ought to have a memorial; the idea is a broken one. Our old newspapers in Scotland were, to a certain extent, literary sheets, but perhaps the first who issued numbers dedicated to the Belles Lettres was Allan Ramsay, whose penny blatts were so welcome to the breakfast tables of our Edinburgh gentry. It seems, however, that the true originator of the regular periodical sheet of cheap literature in Scotland was the person who started "The Cornucopia." It was got up, we are informed, in connection with the students of Edinburgh college, and was in all respects as regular a literary organ as any that has appeared since. The name of this individual* would be worth inquiring after, for the credit is

* George Mudie, an Edinburgh compositor, of considerable ability, but of somewhat erratic temperament, is the person alluded to by "Darnick." He was formerly connected—say in 1824—either as Editor or Manager, with a London Daily Evening Paper, published in the Poultry, and bearing the ominous name of *The Eclipse*; but which, Eclipse like, enjoyed a very brief existence: a few days only, if we remember correctly, having sufficed to witness its birth, progress, maturity, decline, and death.—*Editor Ladies Journal.*

In reference to George Mudie as the originator of our cheap periodical literature, the following letters addressed to The Editor of the *Ladies' Journal*, appeared in that paper of 14th and 28th May:—

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really due to him as the originator of a great revolution in literature.

In proffering this justice to an unknown individual,

EDINBURGH, *May* 10, 1859.

SIR,—In "Darnick's" article on the Castes of Edinburgh, in last week's *Journal*, I observe that he has been led into a mistake in ascribing the institution of cheap periodical literature to the originator of the "Cornucopia"—Mr George Mudie. There was cheap literature in the market a long time previous to the date of that publication; and I believe the first of the kind was the "Halfpenny Magazine," originated and published by the late John Glass, printer, which was issued every Saturday. After continuing for some time the title was altered to "The Edinburgh Magazine," and published three times a week, with original illustrations, designed and engraved by a then eminent wood engraver—the late Mr Bruce. It was then enlarged and published once a week, the price being raised to a penny.

Previous to the alteration of the title of that publication another made its appearance from the same office, entitled "The Literary Magnet;" and it was not till about the demise of the latter that the "Cornucopia" was commenced by Mr Mudie, and I have no doubt that the idea was suggested by the publication referred to—the only difference being that the "Cornucopia" was issued as a broadside, similar in size to the present *Daily Scotsman*, while the others were printed in 8vo and 4to respectively. I may state here that, while the "Halfpenny Magazine" was going on, Mr Mudie was engaged in writing and publishing the "Daily Police Reports," of which, I daresay, some of your readers will remember, as having enjoyed many a laugh at the humorous manner in which the cases were reported. Happening to know something of these matters, I think it is but right, if there is any merit to be ascribed to the party who first gave us a tasting of that fruit which is at present so abundant, that it should be awarded to the right individual.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. W. G.

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whose name may yet come up as something more than one of the ordinary bubbles of the day, we have no wish to detract from the merit of others who fol-

INVERNESS, *May* 19, 1859.

SIR,—I observe that several of your Correspondents have of late been treating of the origin of cheap literature, but with somewhat imperfect information on the subject. Mr George Mudie, whose name stands out most prominently in this matter—and deservedly so, for his "Cornucopia" was a decided advance on all predecessors—had not the merit of originating cheap literature in Edinburgh; nor was that merit due to Mr John Glass, the printer, with his "Halfpenny Magazine." Previous to these efforts, by a year or two, a publication had lived and died which was in reality the first herald of that literary blaze which has since overspread the land. This was "The Itinerant's Journal"—a series of original tales and sketches, in prose and verse, first issued, I think, in 1827. It was a sheet of twelve pages, and the price one penny. The editor and contributor was an eccentric genius of the name of Greig—long since gone to the land of shadows, along with the printer, Mr Thomas Colquhoun. Greig's sketches, in so far as I can judge of them at this distance of time, were of their kind excellent; and amongst its contributors were Mr William Sinclair, author of a volume of poems (who is now somewhere about Stirling), and Mr Andrew Young, who went to St Andrews as teacher in, or master of, the Madras Academy.

"The Itinerant's Journal," I believe, perished—not through want of support, for I can bear testimony to the avidity with which its contents were weekly devoured by the subscribers, but to imperfect commercial management. Ever since it has been a matter of regret to me that so original an idea was not more energetically wrought out. Poor Greig in that case would have had a happier fate. He had been a player as well as a painter; and, literature failing, he tried both arts again, little to his reputation, and still less to his profit. Yet the man who could paint a por-

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lowed in the track, one of whom, at an early period, valiantly threatened in his prospectus to give "the last mortal stab to ignorance," nor do we deny that the old lady has got many a cut, though we doubt if she is yet as dead as a stone. It is at least certain, that if these bitter enemies of one whose condition is said to be one of bliss, have done her no great harm, they have done themselves and "their tills" much good. A fine subject for our designer: a dagger at the breast of Ignorance, and a hand in her pocket.

We could experience no difficulty in finding an excellent device for geology, even were we dissatisfied with Hugh Miller showing a piece of "the Old Red" to the shade of Hutton, and one of his "Footprints" to that of David Hume.

But, in these latter days, when pretension takes so often the place of merit, it is still more satisfactory to turn our eyes in the direction of a discovery for which our city has become famous over the world. We allude to that department of Science known by

trait, play Richard the Third, and write a tale in a corner of the printing-office—his only desk a printer's *galley*—(I have seen him figuring in all these capacities), was no ordinary person, and the poor fellow deserved better luck. He died in great poverty, about the year 1832, after having tried to revive "The Itinerant's Journal," but which, at first without competition, fell unheeded amongst the flood of cheap literature with which Edinburgh was then inundated.—Yours very sincerely, E. F.

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the name of Anæsthetics, the chief agent in which is the renowned Chloroform. Admitting the principle to be of American origin, if not unknown in some shape by the Greeks, the discovery by our Professor Simpson of an additional agent so powerful has transferred the reputation due to the country of the original discoverer to our own city. We believe that our ingenious citizen is well aware of the extent of merit due to himself individually, as one who was fortunate enough to put a bottle to his nose—more wonderful that bottle than any vaunted by a conjuror, ay than even that which held a conjuror himself—the famous Asmodeus. No doubt if the learned Professor had been led to this bottle by any knowledge *a priori* of the true chemical nature of its contents, his own estimate of his good fortune would have been less humble, nay, quite deservedly much greater; but we believe it is ascertained that the trials made by him and his friends were altogether irrespective of any scientific views of what principle was concerned in Anæsthesia —a certain substance already formed to their hands having been simply tested empirically by the nose. Yet, withal, we would be delighted to see our discoverer figuring in some allegory in the shape of Hercules strangling the Lernian snake (pain) with a white cambric hankerchief.

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There are other triumphs of progress connected with our city. We might particularize the special invention of Messrs James and John Gray, which consists in enabling the people of this country to spread an advertisement before the eyes of a hundred or two hundred thousand individuals, almost in the same day, at the cost of a few shillings. That gigantic sheet with its wonder of typography is verily one of our "powers." We would award those gentlemen a panel in our allegory of popular literature, representing the genius of Merchandice whispering in the ear of Fame as she blows her trumpet.

But great as all these things are, what are they to a theory of Creation, and what one theory to three? And one of these tells us the wonderful story of our being—how we were at the beginning very small animals, and how we became the big creatures we are now by passing through various forms, not excepting the medial one of an ape—the very reason, no doubt, why man plays such tricks in the face of Heaven as to claim a genealogy so little favourable to his other pretensions. We happily do not need Mr Paton's assistance here, for we have seen a device which pleases us much:—Science stands on a high pillar, and has thrown away, with much contempt, a book called "The Vestiges of Creation." Fluttering, it

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is falling in the midst of four very respectable-looking men, who, seized with terror, are making away in different directions, but one is collared by a person, whose hammer in his pouch shows him to be a geologist, and the contest is doubtful.* In the thick atmosphere appear the grim ghosts of Hutton, Francis Maximus M'Nab, and Hugh Miller, on whose pale countenances may be observed a smile, as if the hurry-scurry delighted in some way these Shades.

* Yet, we cannot help wondering that one so acute as David Page, could be so far misled by the mere fact of the proof sheets of a book having been in the possession and power of a man, as to be blind to the internal evidence—afforded by the book itself—that one with whose writings he was familiar could not be the author. Notwithstanding of the wretched theory, false facts, and most unscientific science, the Vestiges is a book with a style at once seductive and charming—a characteristic to which it owes its spurious reputation.

It is impossible for any one at all conversant with styles to take up such books as the Traditions of Edinburgh, or the Annals of Scotland, or the Life of Robert Burns, and detect a single feature suggesting a resemblance to the verbal structure or form of thought of the Vestiges. We have no wish to depreciate any useful application of the mind to whatever subject: these books have a style very well suited to their contents, and form interesting reading. We know, too, that the subject has a very peculiar effect on flexible modes of composition, but there are certain features that mark a formed manner which it is impossible to disguise, and upon this evidence we have no hesitation in freeing the reputed author of the responsibility of a volume which, however absurd—not to say atheistical—is clothed in a tasteful if not elegant dress.

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Those honoured dead to whom we owe the grand hospitals for which our city is famous, do they not deserve a niche somewhere? No; these gentlemen, so wise in their generation, have taken care to get superb monuments erected to themselves.*

* (George Heriot *loquitur.*)—"This, however, I will say, that I have sometimes envied my friends their fair and flourishing families, and yet have I seen such changes when death has removed the head, so many rich men's sons penniless, the heirs of so many knights and nobles acreless, that I think mine own estate and memory, as I shall order it, has a fair chance of outliving those of greater men, though God has given me no heir of my name."—*Fortunes of Nigel*, Ed. 1831, p. 239.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MINISTERS

Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can or none)
That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own.

POPE.

EVEN yet, in these days of mental improvement as it is called, by which we mean a fluctuating condition, wherein there are more ideas than formerly passing through the mind, of whatever kind they may be, we suspect that the critical estimates of our ministers are very much of the old style. The preacher is still "the good man" or "godly man," his sermon a "fine discourse;" for, as regards any sufficient reason to account for the admiration that is in them, the hearers cannot yet, it would seem, give any. In short, we doubt very much—yet with the humility which ought to belong to an opinion ventured on a subject so much out of our province—

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whether the common people of our country are yet more discriminative hearers of a sermon than they have ever been.

We have only two modes of accounting for this condition of the critical faculty among the masses of church-goers. In the first place, the ministers are not improved in any power of enforcing unanimity of judgment in regard to what a sermon ought to be, and there is no palpable reason why they should be so improved;* and, secondly, the common people, notwithstanding their greater education, are not im-

* The following judicious remarks in a review of Norman M'Leod's "Plea for Temperance," are worthy of being preserved. "Is it not the case that our ministers' discourses are framed in language which conveys no ideas to the great bulk of the labouring population, for the simple reason that they do not understand them? Is it not the case that our sermons and discourses are embodied in a peculiar pbraseology so different from the common mode of speech as to constitute a peculiar dialect which only the initiated can understand? and, finally, is it not the case as a general rule, that the clergy address their hearers not as men and women organized with various faculties each formed for its own peculiar and lawful exercise, but as imaginary beings with such a limited sphere of action, that their spiritual guides must harp continually on the same mouldering strings. If the clergy wish to extend their influcnce—if they wish to win men from the degradation of intemperance, they must minister to human nature as God has made it—bearing in mind that no more on Sunday than on Saturday does any spiritual influence elevate man above the laws of his being."—*Scotsman.*

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proved in the attention of their listening so as to make themselves able to discriminate the qualities of a pulpit discourse, and yet there *seem* to be good reasons why they should be so improved. We say *seem*, for where is the man who, in our day, would have the hardihood to assert that education is not, in spite of very suspicious appearances, full of the glorious promise of a moral millennium? And it would be a terrible thing were this last hope of the tinkerers of our species to die away like all the other *panaceæ* that, from the beginning of the world, have been held forth for making angels of men. We have no wish to elongate and deepen the shadow when the sun of a moral and religious enlightenment is said to be struggling to get from under the cloud of ignorance; but, so far as we can yet see of the effects of education, they appear to be no more than simply a few tints on the opened petals of the flower, leaving the stock and stem as full of the acrid juices as ever.

If we had no faith in Nature herself in retaining and enforcing her normal laws, for keeping always the greatest possible amount of virtue among the societies of her children, we might be inclined to despair of the efforts of man. Just take an example. How beautifully in the dark days of our ignorance did she store up in the hearts of illiterate people those

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wonderful *proverbs* of every land, which were so like a religion and "an economy of human life" graven upon the soul! The very essence of the wisdom of ages, they were in every one's keeping; they were whispered by the old into the willing ears of the young, and carried the sacred sanction of authority, even in the very tones of eild, and the love which the listeners bore to the grandams who uttered them. They appealed to the judgment and the conscience, and brought almost every action of life and every feeling of the heart under the surveillance and scrutiny of reason and religion. These sibylline leaves are blown away, and scattered, and almost lost, and what have we left, or rather got, in their stead? A stimulated craving for the tang of luxuries, and a ruck of floating images of material things, where Sense calls more and more to be fed, and the judgment—seldom sought to be exercised except as the favourer of desires—shrinks from even the whispers of duty. Pride, personal decoration, and penny novels are the grand fruits of education in a great portion of our younger people.* All true; yet the sentiment of La

* Mr Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull, in a charge to the grand jury delivered sometime ago, after a few words of comment upon the vice of intemperance, said—Gentlemen, let me turn from this topic for a moment to another of great importance, forced on

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Bruyère still stands good:—However much we may be satisfied that Nature has her own unchangeable qualities and biases marked on every birth, no man

my attention by a case coming before you and me at these sessions, and painfully reviving in my mind the recollection of several cases at the last and immediately preceding sessions. I cannot bear to make a harsh or uncharitable observation concerning either an individual or a class; but I must in sober sadness ask you, as men of the world, of social standing and experience—as heads of families—whether you can possibly regard as satisfactory the condition of female domestic servants of the present day? For my own part, I know what is said on the subject by masters and mistresses of all ranks of society, that it is almost impossible, speaking in a general way, to get or to retain a respectable, modest, and trustworthy female servant. Why? Some, nay very many, will tell you bitterly, and with too much truth, that young women in that class of life are monstrously over-educated for their stations and callings; that is to say, that passing away from, or neglecting homely and useful acquirements, their minds are distempered and inflated by a smattering of knowledge and accomplishments totally unfitted for them, disturbing all their notions of dutiful, respectful, and happy subordination, and giving them a disgust for the plain paths of duty. Instances of this have from time to time been brought under my notice that would be amusing were they not so painful and even alarming, as indicative of general and increasing tendencies. Dean Swift wrote a tract "On the mis-education of our gentry;" but a Dean Swift of our day might at least as fittingly write a tract, "On the mis-education of our female servants." I shall not more particularly allude to cases which have recently come before us here of young women who have stood weeping before me bitterly, and afterwards in the gaol, but I know what they have owned as to their having felt "above their places." This charge has been very roughly handled by the *Saturday Review*.

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will consent on that account to relinquish his efforts in educating his children.

The reason is obvious enough; education is the key to knowledge, but, unfortunately, it opens more than the temples of science, philosophy, and religion. It opens also the temple of "Vain Fancies," often also the Dagon fane of Voluptuousness, where the votary gets giddy in the whirl of sensual images, and loses all the self-control of reflection and judgment. It is not now as it was when David Hume tried to cheat his inamorata by sending her Plutarch's Lives for a romance. The scent for fiction cannot now be taken off the track by any red-herring drag, however potent. Then the book was usually got as a whole, read and finished, and the mind returned again to its ordinary aliments; but now, by the introduction of numbers and parts, the interest is so effectually maintained through weeks and months that the enchanted reader resides with the personages, mixes in the extravagant scenes, breathes the thick atmosphere of the places, and walks, and talks, and acts, under the charm of the fictioneer.* What preacher, even if he

* The following, with some truth in it, is perhaps too strong:—Amongst the indigent classes, there has arisen a literature of the most pernicious and debasing kind. It does not contain a single element of mental greatness or moral splendour. It is gross, sensual, and revolutionary. And its influence is potent. It reaches

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is spasmodic, and deals in the thrilling epithet, or the startling antithet, or the bedaubed portrait, or the brimstone denunciation, or the seraphic hope, or

far and spreads wide; but ever amongst the lower classes. It seldom enters a drawing-room; it is excluded from the pure precincts of "the family parlour." It lies on the wet, sloppy table of the vulgar coffee-shop—is carried in the pocket of the 'prentice lad—finds a hiding-place in the drawer of the poor, pale milliner—nestles on the greasy pillow of the unwashed cobbler who slumbers away the Sabbath morn—is read by cluttering groups of young men under the flaming gaslight of some filthy court—and has a welcome reception in every resort of vagabonds and thieves. The "Red" Chartist glorifies it—the infidel adores it in preference to his God. The outcast has made it the companion of his glass, and the female wanderer reads it on her noon-day bed. Paul the Poacher, Dick Turpin the Highwayman, Jack Sheppard the Housebreaker, are fair specimens of the scandalous characters most popular with the authors and readers of this disgraceful literature. Here the forgery, the seduction, the duel, the theft, the prize-fight, the murder, and "the gallant and extraordinary escape from prison"—the orgies of the sensualist, the savage deeds of the pirate, the vagabond life of the impostor, and the "game" death of the murderer—the song, the revel, the adventures of "the men about town"—and the pleasures of a life in "the tents of wickedness"—are painted in tints that flash and glow before the eye of the soul, until the worst passions are aroused, and a course of revelry begun which terminates in disease, shame, and want.

Many English writers have denounced French literature. They say it is immoral. They assert that it is enough to corrupt whole generations. We do not dispute their verdict.

Why, such is the literature of which we write—English literature. Grub Street sends forth scores of such novels and revolutionary periodicals. We need not thank God that we are not as

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the eccentric action, has any chance, by drumming on the tympanum, to scare away those fanciful personages who live inside, and have there a local habitation and a name, and are bound to the tissues of the brain by the sympathy of a passion. It is not that he has more of Satan to contend with in the form of positive evil, but that the microcosm where his powers of conversion are to work has become enchanted and changed into a phantasmagoria, not of the images of real flesh and blood personages, which come and go according to natural laws, but of feigned creatures, often loathsome, which claim the affections by a habit, and render the ear as dead to the truths of religion as the rhetoric which falls upon it is flat and unprofitable.

Against this new and startling evil, which an inquirer into the human mind never could have predicted, our Edinburgh ministers oppose most untiring energies. If Satan has assumed a new form they have buckled on a new armour. Their labours in

other men are—that Eugene Sue was not born, and his "Mysteries" not published in our fatherland. We have such men too; and while they find unenviable fame, we need not pretend to be better than our neighbours. It will be time enough to do that when our national literature is purged of Reynolds, Harney, and Holyoake, and when its every page shall teem with beauty, truth, and love. Such a good time is on the wing, and in its advent all righteous men will rejoice.

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Sabbath-schools, the institution of missionaries, and the distribution of tracts, are evidences of a zeal which has been called up by the exigency of a peculiar and heretofore unknown state of society; but *only* called up. The metaphysical thinker will understand our distinction. Our pulpits contain men free from the world's reproach. They have had a calling put upon them, and they discharge its duties often with great ability; nor is it their fault if they do not, beyond the stated proportion ordained by nature, possess the peculiar gift, no other than a species of genius, which befits them for an apostle's life.

So long as the nine years' curriculum of study remains as the law of the Church, which forces the original selection on fathers, mothers, and guardians, and excludes those who, having undergone the mysterious change of conversion, know themselves to be peculiarly called, we never can have more than a proportion of ministers properly qualified for their sacred vocation. The smallness of that proportion might alarm us. What would be the appearance of the walls of our picture galleries on the Mound if the Artists were only those who had been selected for the profession by their parents, without their ever having seen any real evidence, such as an Artist could pass judgment on, of a peculiar bias and apti-

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tude for the Art? Yet that is just the state of our pulpits, only the result is less discernible, in consequence of a greater facility in imitating the Divine gift. The old adage of *poeta nascitur* is even, we suspect, more applicable to ministers than to poets or artists. Yet we are insane enough to be trying to *make* them every day, with the inevitable result of shutting our pulpits against those whom the Author of Christianity has himself made.*

* Street preaching, were it to become fashionable—which it will never do until some "big wigs" or Peter Scott himself, come out—might yield us some right men. As yet we have had none but half-crazed enthusiasts. There could be no harm in the practice and a chance of some good. There are bits of soil among the rocks where goats might nibble. We doubt if they would be tempted by such means as those in operation; take the following example: One night while Daddy Flockhart was preaching on the High Street, he had a very small company, but there were among them some of those lost sheep who frequent the pavement of that part of the city. He could not get them to stand and listen, and waxed more wroth than was his custom. "I canna get ye to stand and hear me, but the time is sure to come when ye'll no only stand but ye'll be a' trying, by tugging at my coat tail, to get wi' me into heaven; but ye'll maybe find, to your cost, that that day I'll hae on a jacket." Harry Erskine dropt some seeds in a very dry place among the whin boulders of infidelity. Hugo Arnot, of whom we have said something already, openly professed infidel principles. He happened one Sunday afternoon to be on horseback when he met Mr Erskine returning from divine service. "Where have you been Harry?" asked the spare ghost-like historian. "What has a man of your sense to do among a parcel of old women?

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Were we to count the number of natural-born poets or artists in a thousand, we might probably be startled by a unit; and it is even more probable that the apostolic mind does not occur oftener than once in twice that number, so that the chance of that mind being called to its vocation is two thousand to one!

Then, as a matter of course, if we are right in our theory, a proper sermon must be something which we hear very seldom indeed. Just so. If the Spirit's own men were at all times called, our bad sermons would be as few as the good ones are now. Only consider how many volumes of poetry will you turn over before you come to a piece which will claim your attention; how many more ere you find one to rivet you; how many more for one to delight you; how many more for one to swell the heart and start the tear of sympathy? Nor could any critic describe what that last is. It is known to be the right thing only after it is read.

Whitfield achieved his triumphs by the most simple

What did you expect to hear; where was your text?" "Our text," replied Harry, "was in the 6th chapter of the Revelations, 'And I looked, and beheld a pale horse: and his name who sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.'" Mr Arnot, who was actually on a pale horse, felt the sarcasm in all its force, and muttering a hasty exclamation rode off.

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of all orations. In St Simon's Memoirs, and also in Barn Walckenaer's Notes to La Bruyère, we have a story of an obscure *predicateur* who appeared in Paris, and produced such a sensation that the dissipated courtiers of that luxurious age left the Royal Chapel and hurried to hear the pulpit orator.

The preacher was no other than the famous Seraphin, but it was the means employed in his oratory that formed the wonder of that critical time.

Neither St Simon nor Madame de Sevigné could describe them. They were too simple for the analysis of French criticism employed on the artificial styles of such preachers as Bouin or Boileau, and the hearers, no longer the dupes of vocables and action, could do no more than lend their souls to an enchantment which they could not explain. The secret lay deeper than criticism could reach even in the converted heart, which disdaining tropes and portraits, spoke from the core to the core, and achieved by Nature under the baptism of fire what was beyond the powers of art.

Our numerous pulpit styles, from the humdrum to the spasmodic, owe their origin to the consciousness that is within so many of our preachers that they are only under the influence of Art, which is multiform, whereas that of the Spirit is uniform. Admitting all

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the excellences of secular oratory pertaining to one who was lately among us, and is now in the West, we are not to believe that the Apostolic gift can be perfected by even the thirty or forty rehearsals—to which he admits—of every turn, and look, and gesture, and intonation, of one of his set orations, or that a mirror is the suitable reflector of the workings of the Spirit of Life.* With all the success by which another draws his parallels between things on earth and things in heaven, works up his anitheses between all imaginable objects, constructs his paradoxes so ingeniously, as first to stun and surprise, and then evolve in a truth which is to edify, and selects his vocables with the view of striking most effectually on the drum of the ear, we are not inclined to think that the Spirit of Christianity was born in Greece in the palmy days of metaphor and prosopopœia.† Nor

* Rehearsals of gesture in a mirror are not much better than those of Dr Blair. That worthy man's taste and accuracy in dress were absolutely ridiculous. There was a correctness in his wig, for instance, amounting to a hair-breadth's exactness. He was so careful about his coat that, not content with merely looking at himself in the mirror to see how it fitted in general, he would cause the tailor to lay the looking-glass on the floor, and then standing on tiptoe over it he would peep athwart his shoulder to see how the skirts hung.—KAY. We wonder when gown presenting will have an end. See *The Idolatry of the Pulpit.*

† We cannot give any picture in our day like that drawn by the

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are we dissatisfied, in spite of another's rasping metaphysics and curious contortions, that Faith is a great hand at dialectics.

We grant that such orators *draw*. So did the Reverend Scipio Sprightly, the black American preacher, who, having been told the story, how Cicero replied "Action," to repeated inquiries of what was the greatest quality of an orator, said that he had good reason to admit that the Roman was right, for he was conscious that he had never had such "overflowing audiences" as after one occasion when he stood on his head, and in that attitude told his dear brethren that they would never be saved if they did not, like him, turn their hearts upside down.*

author of Peter's Letters of the famous James Lapslie, minister of Campsie. "He is a fine, tall bony man, with a face full of fire, and a bush of white locks, which he shakes about him like the thyrsus of a bacchanal. He tears his waistcoat open—he bares his breast as if he had scars to show—he bellows—he sobs—he weeps—and sits down at the end of his harangue trembling all to the finger's ends like an exhausted pythoness."

* We have a curious example of the difference between the false and the true in Dr Chalmers. While in his dubious state the doctor was a great actor; subsequently the spirit modified his action very perceptibly. It is well known that before the change in his religious sentiments, he indulged in a considerable amount of gesticulation in the pulpit. One day soon after his induction into Kilmany parish, he preached a sermon with even more than usual animation. After service a tenant in the parish, a sturdy trooper in the regiment of Fifeshire yeomanry cavalry, commanded by

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We want, in short, almost everywhere a certain power veiled in simplicity, a subtile working through sympathy, which wins by tender, yet eager solicitations, an entire renunciation of self to the engrossing passion which yearns for proselytes, and *will* have them, and offers for these the pledge of an interest felt to lie as deep as the clear well springs of life; all which must in their very nature be found to be inconsistent as well with the efforts of rhetoric as with prosaic dulness.*

Colonel Anstruther Thomson, the proprietor of Kilmany, remarked, "Eh, wasna the minister grawnd the day. It was as guid as a dreeling i' the swird exerceese."—CONNOLLY'S *Sketch of Bishop Low.*

* This earnest force in truth, is the main element in the impressiveness of public speaking. It carries conviction to the minds of the hearers with a power that nothing else can give. Its absence is an irreparable defect. Sincerity is not enough; a desire to be useful is not enough. Men must have the ardent impulse which, breaking through every barrier, attests to the world their sincerity by urging them to the most devoted efforts in the diffusion of truth. They must be distinguished by peculiar energy; they must have moral power to compel respectful attention. The thorough earnestness of such men in everything they undertake is an attribute of their character, which, if it were not developed in religious agency, would find vent in some other direction. Their advocacy *could not* be marked by a cool indifference, or by a suspicious sincerity. It is part of their very nature "to throw their whole soul into the work." They require no elocution to teach them a mock earnestness, for the natural expression of their mental emotions accompanies and enforces their deep felt utterances.

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While entertaining these views and convictions, we fairly admit that it is scarcely possible to find and describe a test of the genuine pulpit appeal. It is certainly, as we have indicated, not to be found in the numbers of an audience, for people will continue to fly after eccentricity, especially if it be exhibited in sacred places.

Nor can it be found in the mere effect *qua* such in the minds of the hearers, for they will *for the moment* be as cómpletely captivated by oratorical displays and impassioned descriptions of merely earthly things, as by a sermon of the right kind, the effects of which will often last for a life.* It seems to be rather in

So spake Paul and Luther, Ignatius Loyola, and Whitfield, Peter the Hermit, and Knox.—*The Pulpit and the People*, by P. RYLANDS.

* There is a pretty tale told of one of the ministers of the Tron, —some say Dr Andrew Hunter—some another,—we cannot decide. One day, two of the wretched women who used then, as much as now, to frequent the High Street, were standing looking at the people going to church when one said to the other by way of frolic,—"Come, let us gang in wi' the rest and hear what the b—— has to say." The proposition pleased the humour of the other: they went in and were kindly put into a seat. We cannot say what they heard, but when the congregation was dispersing, one of the two said that she wanted to remain till she could see the minister. The other laughed and derided her but to no purpose; the girl was determined, and her companion having left, she kept her seat until she saw the doctor come down from the pulpit, when, with trembling steps she approached him, and in

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the power of producing a love of religion, through the medium of an affection for the man who is able to inspire the higher emotion; in proof of which we may assert that we have never found an instance of great religious fervour originating from the pulpit, without a yearning for a closer intercourse with the preacher who can achieve such marvellous influences over the corrupted heart.

Nor do we deem it strange that we see more of this in the instances of such men as Spurgeon or Guinness, or of such laymen as North, Grant, and Radcliffe, than in our parochial incumbents, many of whom, especially in Edinburgh, are so much their superiors in talent and learning as well as in the art of oratory.

We have already given the reasons: those men come forward from the impulse of a change altogether

her own way, made known to him her sinful life, and that his words had awakened in her fear and distress. The doctor saw at once that he had not preached that day in vain; took the girl in his arms, and clapping her kindly on the back told her to wait a few minutes. The girl consented, and the Reverend gentleman, afraid he might lose her if he left her, was shortly seen stalking through the streets homewards, in broad-day light, with the Magdalene by his side. On entering his house he told his wife he had brought to her that day a lost sheep. She was joyfully received; and such had been the sincerity of her conversion, and such the means of confirming it, that she was long retained in the family, and came to be beloved, respected, and happy.

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internal and beyond all metaphysical analysis; their efforts flow naturally from their enthusiasm,—an affection of the mind, which, when properly separated from fanaticism, is the fountain of all success in every undertaking, whether secular or religious.

Viewed as a caste, the Edinburgh Protestant clergy may be divided into five parts: the Established, the Episcopalian, the Free, the United Presbyterians, and the lesser sects. The precedence is, we believe, as we have set them down, though some of the clergymen of the Free Church may compete with those set before them in the elevation of their social movements.

Their grades are, in truth, fixed by those of their congregations. Their characters belong to themselves, and are in general worthy of the confidence of their people.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTORS.

> Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
> And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
> Ask not to what doctors I apply,
> Sworn to no master, of no sect am I.
>
> POPE.

OUR medical men possess the three qualities of learning, benignity, and generosity, which, though differing somewhat from those mentioned by Bayle as being appropriate to their order, we consider to be the characteristics which enable them to do the greatest amount of good to mankind.

They have only one fault—they cannot agree among themselves; and this reminds us of their doings in the olden times. With the exception of the philosophers of Greece they have been the only men of learning who could set a whole nation in arms by the mere force of a nostrum. Once on a time they contrived to raise a commotion on the Continent, which threatened to end in a civil war in Portugal,

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by the famous dispute whether a patient seized with pleurisy ought to be bled on the affected side or the other. All the practitioners in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and England were divided by this question. The one half declared that to bleed on the affected side was to send the patient to his long home; the other, that this same operation was to be his inevitable restoration to health. There was no third party, as would be now, to contend that the poor patient would have the best chance if he were not bled at all—for at that time men's minds ran so much upon bleeding that the lancet was the real talisman—so much so that, if we are to believe the records of that happy period, a prick through the little vein called the salvatella, in the ring finger, would cure a man of melancholy; a result which, if any sturdy son of Æsculapius had dared to dispute, he would have been persecuted by his brethren as worse than a homœopathist or hydropathist in our day.

This question of the right side and the wrong has become an inheritance in the profession. Properly speaking, where there exist two such famous Medical Colleges as we have in Edinburgh, there should be no such side as a wrong one. The poor organism called the human body is liable, according to Cullen, Linnæus, Sauvages, and the older nosologists, to

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somewhere about two hundred diseases; and a moderate Pharmacopœia, like that of Christison or Pereira, contains not fewer than a thousand remedies whereby to cure these two hundred ailments which human flesh is heir to.

At first sight man appears to be a fortunate creature, even in the midst of his ills, with such an array of curative means placed by the ingenuity of doctors within his reach; and one might imagine that a good authority, such as Cullen, Gregory, Abercromby, Alison, or Laycock, might contrive to get at the right side, and even to place the wrong one in such a state of abeyance that nothing but a beautiful and amiable unanimity should exist among medical practitioners.

Yet we know that doctors are not the happy family. They remind us, indeed, of M. Menage's story of the three sisters, Jeanette, Ninon, and Marguerette, who, with all the amiability in the world towards their friends and acquaintances outside their home, lived in continual jarrings within. The good Curé André would mend this infirmity by contriving to get each of the sisters by herself, and inculcating the religious obligation of mutual kindness and forbearance, and he so far succeeded that they severally promised to be kind to each other. And not only

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did they promise, they set their minds energetically to work out the resolution, each being ignorant of the intentions of the others. Now they were all blandness; each was so profuse of helps and sweet benedicities that they began to wonder and to envy one another's success in forcing their favours, till at length the very competition of love broke out into hatred, and they became so enraged that they came to the pulling of their pretty hair.

No one could be more kind and benignant to another than our doctors are to their patients and the public generally, but their internal quarrels among themselves have become as famous as those of the theological brethren, if indeed the *odium medicum* be not as true a proverb as the *odium theologicum*. A little desultory reading affords us a few evidences.

After the Brunonian bellows had blown the most amiable of men into furious passions, all about a a theory which maintained that life was the result of a species of stimulation, and with no other good effect than a return to the classical system of Cullen, there arose the terrible strife between Drs Gregory and Hamilton, which, from its personalities and scurrilities, became the opprobrium and reproach of the city, and indeed of Scotland, for years. Nor had something like peace been well established when there came the

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the outburst of the puerperal war between Hamilton on the one side, and Campbell and M'Intosh on the other, the symbol in the case being once more the lancet; and the issue a fierce litigation between Campbell and Moir, in which each party laid open his case to the eyes of the public, to show on either side how many patients each party had saved and how many his opponent. Meanwhile, Liston was sharpening his knife with the view of cutting out Syme, but having cut *himself* out of Edinburgh, he left, on his retirement to London, a good representative in Professor Lizars, who carried on the war, and will likely continue it all his life, unless peradventure he knocks out his opponent's brains with those terrible club-feet-boots represented in his ingenious brochure. Nor has he stood alone, for Glover coming opportunely against his foe, tripped him in Court without the effusion of blood, and retired to England with the reputation of having vanquished "the first surgeon in Europe."

For a time there had been a little peace in the other departments, but all of a sudden the pathological Henderson, having been suspected of coquetting with Hahnemann, one of the archest traitors to the divine Cullen, the obstetrical Simpson took the field with one of the strongest allopathic batteries ever

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exhibited. The vocabulation and sound were at least tremendous, and Henderson, with his homœopathic shot no bigger than globules, but as some think very sharp, ran a risk not only of being over cannonaded, but of having a white hankerchief thrown over his nose, charged with a certain volatile substance which would very soon have placed him *hors de combat.* But happily for the gentle Pathologist, he of the leonine countenance happened at that time to be hard pressed by the great obstetrician, Dr Lee of London, who plied him with vigour by "The Lancet," till he fell back in the arms of his sympathising "Ladies."* Not, however, to lie there in inglorious indolence, for a new adversary, Bennett,

* No doubt in that "temple of health" in Queen Street, where so many ladies are daily to be found attracted by the fame of one who has the reputation of being able to cure sterility. We fairly admit we do not believe that the doctor ever held out more hopes in this direction than his predecessors Hamilton or Thatcher. All the three would have despised to take a leaf out of Dr Graham's book; but this does not prevent us from saying that such a power is really held to reside in Queen Street, and that we are entirely and happily ignorant of the means reserved by the head of the establishment to disabuse—as we have no doubt he does—these weak and hopeful creatures of a notion so natural yet so apt to become morbid. What a crop of guineas comes out of this barren soil, and all unknown to the poor husbands! Our professor is, of course, above a sign-board, but any other following the same trade might appropriately exhibit a figure of Combé with her hundred children.

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had come into the field, and Laycock and Syme having thrown themselves into the complication, the war is even now going on with increased energy and hopes of various results.*

It is at least very fortunate for us who rank among the patients that none of this bitter warfare is directed against us, for such men, with scalpels, and lancets, and endless supplies of kakodyle, must at all times be very formidable.

* Their quarrels about experiments do not often come to light. We could give some startling examples. It is not long since a female, who had been greatly reduced by a hæmorrhage, was destined by a certain practitioner to the uncommon remedy of transfusion of blood. Before the operation was performed another doctor—we believe Professor Lizars—was called in for consultation. This gentleman—reputed one of the safest of our medical men as regards experiments—examined the patient, and bending his head over her asked her how she felt. She replied, in a whisper, that she was very weak. The Professor was satisfied, and went into a neighbouring room where the consultation was held. He there stated that he saw no necessity for this operation, which was always dangerous, and he questioned his colleague as to his reasons for venturing upon it. The little fat man replied that he wanted to see the operation. What! said the Professor, and you would endanger the life of this poor lady in order that you might witness an experiment. The lady recovered.

The celebrated Dr James Johnson, editor of *The London Medico-Chirurgical Review*, thus unbosoms himself:—"I declare, as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

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It may, indeed, be said to their honour, that their war is rather undertaken for our benefit, but then, unfortunately, it is attended with this disadvantage, that we lose confidence in our guides, and when we fall into the sloughs of disease we do not know well whom to choose for the purpose of getting cured. Even the great Cullen, whom we delight to call *celeberrimus*, was once so honest, or rather forgetful of the prestige of his calling, as to admit that, in spite of the varied contents of our pharmacopœias, a good doctor might carry all his medicines in his breeches pocket. Then appears Hahnemann, with the still more startling confession that a snuff-box would be a more appropriate and perfectly ample medicine-chest; and, as if these admissions had not been sufficient to take away confidence, the famous physiologist, Magendie, comes forward with the announcement that the best of all medicine-chests is an empty one. And not only did he aver this,—he proved it by dividing a Paris hospital into three parts. To the patients in the one he gave nothing in the shape of medicine; to those in the other he administered bread-pills; and to those in the third he gave the regular allopathic doses from the shop of the apothecary. The result was, that those who got the bread-pills fared the best, those who got no medicines next best, and

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and those who enjoyed the doses exhibited the largest mortality.

Were our minds always healthy, notwithstanding of our diseased bodies, it is probable that Majendie's theory—which is capable of proof in many other ways, to the effect, at least, that the number of deaths remains very much the same in places where no doctors are, and in those like Edinburgh, where we have a whole Faculty besides empirics—would be accepted as pretty near the truth, and man would, to a great extent, place his faith and trust in the great natural physician, the *vis medicatrix Naturæ;* but such is not the case, as we all too well know, for no sooner do we take ill than we feel pain, and no sooner do we feel pain than we wish to get quit of it. In addition to this wish we have generally a desire not to die and leave this wonderful sublunary scene of enchantment; and then this wish, like all others, when it becomes very strong—and it is pretty strong in sinners—is the easy father to any thought which gratifies the hope of life. Behold in this the grand opportunity of doctors, not less that of quacks: *O Vala! tuum est nobis prescribere.* We then think first of Allopathy, with her thousand-and-one remedies. If this genius can do us no good, we call upon Homœopathy, an old quack lady with a new tunic,

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and nostrums which, in place of being new, are as ancient as Sophocles, whose line, rendered by Erasmus, *remedio amaro bilem amaram diluunt*, means—bitter bile is to be cured by bitter remedies; and were not unknown to Dr Hornbook, who, according to Burns, dealt in infinitesimals, such as mite-horn shavings, midge-tail clippings, and globules of *marinus spiritus* of capons. Then if these potent charms are ineffectual—which peradventure they may be—we can send for Hydropathy, who is as old as Horace; for, in his day, as Madame Dacier remarks in a note to his fifteenth epistle, patients were in the habit of drinking water as a cure, and also of using it for submersion, and even by stillicide for a whole hour a-day. If we don't get better in this way, we may next send for Kinesopathy, also an ancient quack, who will rub us right and left, and up and down, and back and fore, for an hour each day, till the peccant humour is rubbed out or forced down into some limbo where it can do us no harm. As it is quite possible that this may be of no benefit to us, we can call in Mesmeropathy, who performs her miracles by making passes at us, and throwing into our souls a fluid called Od from a pair of wild staring eyes, and getting us to suck it up by strokeing us down.

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Surrounded thus by so many doctors,* each with an unfailing panacea, surely there is no reason why, whatever disease out of the two hundred we may be seized with, we should ever be without hope of cure; the cure itself is another thing,† but as every one of

* A paper issued from the Census Office, in 1854, makes us acquainted with the number of practisers in medicine in each county of England and Wales, according to the Registration Division, and for each county in Scotland, and of the islands in the British seas. Including physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, druggists, dentists, aurists, and oculists, the total number is 34,000. Of these there are in Scotland 3394, viz., 511 physicians, 1576 surgeons or apothecaries, 1194 druggists, and 113 dentists. The medical faculty are said to be a short-lived class; and it may, therefore, be interesting to shew by a few figures how far this opinion is well grounded:—

Under 20 years of age	444	From 55 to 60	184
From 20 to 25	401	" 60 to 65	134
" 25 to 30	373	" 65 to 70	68
" 30 to 35	385	" 70 to 75	29
" 35 to 40	412	" 75 to 80	28
" 40 to 45	364	" 80 to 85	8
" 45 to 50	262	Above 85	4
" 50 to 55	298		

From looking at this table it will be seen that out of 3394 engaged in the medical profession in Scotland, no fewer than 2015 are under forty-five years of age—a fact which we shall leave for the consideration of those who are more curious than ourselves in their inquiries regarding the statistics of mortality in different professions.

† Dr Chalmers, with "still a lingering of lumbago," wrote to a friend—"I have got many recipes for it; and the honest folks of

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them is certain he is right, we have often thought it would be difficult to assign a good reason why they should not appear all at the bedside of the patient together. In the estimation of lawyers there is no right and wrong side in a litigant. They bleed on any side or on both sides at once; nor do we ever hear of an advocate demurring to act for a legal patient who is under a strong mania for litigation, merely because there are other advocates busy working on him at the same time. Why should it be different in the profession of medicine where the interest of the patient—comprehending even his life—is so much greater? The best answer to this is not honourable to the profession, insomuch as it implies

Glasgow have been pouring in such a multitude of specifics, that had I taken one-half of them I should not have been able to crawl for six weeks. Among the rest, my beadle, John, told me of a wright, an acquaintance of his, who had been greatly afflicted with the same complaint, and had a cure to propose. I desired him to to call between one and two o'clock; when in he came, a fat, well-conditioned-looking person, and proposed a blister round the whole amplitude of my back, where the disease is situated. This I begged leave to decline; and have since been entertained with the mention of others, in the shape of pills and external applications of hartshorn, and plasters of mustard, and rubbings of turpentine, and triplicate coverings of flannel, and last, though not least, a process of ironing with as great heat as was consistent with the feelings of the patient."—*Memoirs, cheap issue, Constable & Co.*

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that the practitioner wishes to have the patient all to himself; and the next best is absurd, because it takes for granted that the five or six other pathistical gentlemen—all ready to swear that their respective methods are the best in the world, yea infallible—are every one of them wrong, and that he alone is right; a presumption altogether against the doctrine of chances.

But let it be supposed that the patient is a man of more than ordinary sense, and altogether superior to vulgar prejudices,—that he wishes to be well, and take the benefit of all the recondite knowledge of all these learned professors; that, in short, he has no anti-pathy to any pathy, and that therefore he wishes to call them all to his bed-side,—who has a right to object? Not surely any one or two of them to the exclusion of the rest, when they all declare that they are severally right. And why do they say they are right? Just because all doctoring is founded on empiricism, and empiricism is founded on, if it be not in itself, experience, and the experience of one man is as good as that of another. When Professor Christison writes his recipe containing some six or seven excellent remedial agents, indicated of course by the disease, but known only in their effects by empiricism or experience, and all calculated to work

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and energize in different yet beneficial ways, how can he tell if the ultimate effect would be injured by Mr Allshorn's mites' horns, or midge tails, or globules, or that these would be counteracted by the allopathic remedies, themselves conflicting? Neither in an *à priori* view have we any good right to say that the hydropathists' douche, or wet sheet, or towel, would, by initiating some new action in the solids or fluids, be otherwise than beneficial to the patient. Then the Kinesopathist, capable of such wonderful manipulation and shampooing as that of Mr Beveridge, has certainly a good right to declare that no allopathic, or hydropathic, or homœopathic effects are inconsistent with his, because these are independent of all other energies. And, lastly, the Mesmeropathist, with such experience as that of Mr Jackson, would certainly insist that the infusion of Od—the very principle of life itself—never could contradict the practice of any man.

> "This is the way physicians mend or end us,
> *Secundum artem:* but although we sneer
> In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
> Without the least propensity to jeer."

But, notwithstanding the wishes of patients, we think it pretty certain that we will never get the different professors of the various therapeutic systems

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to act in harmony for the benefit of mankind.* We have not forgotten the fierce quarrel between two of

* Yet there have been instances of genial souls in the profession. Witness Dr Gregory Grant, whose house in James' Court—top flat of the left hand turnpike, was the scene of many fashionable entertainments. His parties were generally called "musical suppers." At one of these, while leading a dance, the Doctor, at the age of seventy-six, broke the tendon Achillis. How much better our doctors would be occupied in musical suppers—without endangering their tendons, than in the continual professional battles in which they are engaged. We could tempt them with some anecdotes which might incline them to our advice. Those occasions often produce humourous *contretemps*. Mr John Bell was an admirer of the musical suppers. We have heard from one who was present at one of these soirees, that on a certain night a grand piece was to be performed, in which the great surgeon was to play a pathetic solo on a very shrill flageolet. The piece went thunderingly on. John was ready; silence fell like the genius of still night, and every ear was on the watch; but the flageolet refused a sound, John was left as the mute in the old comedy, and a universal laugh terminated the grand piece.

The mention of this anecdote brings to our recollection another. The parties were again met, and the feast going on up stairs in the drawing-room in St Andrew's Square. Meanwhile a servant, a great favourite, was busy washing the steps of the outer stair, and just as she was finishing, a writer's clerk who had for sometime been a great plague to her, came up to renew his solicitations—in which he was more impudent than ever. An idea had seized the quick mind of the girl and she agreed to admit him into the house, but she could not consent to have her newly washed stair marked by his feet, so that if he had any hope of happiness he must get upon her back and be carried in. The youth was delighted, and having taken his position, was quickly carried up stairs by the abigail, who never stopped till she deposited him in the drawing-room, amidst the party at the musical supper.

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the most eminent of our Edinburgh surgeons, which desecrated the sick-room of a well-known Edinburgh publisher, and was witnessed by the patient in the midst of his agony; and yet neither of them could cure him. Nor have we any doubt that if any patient were to assemble at his bedside the various professors of the old and new theories, he would find them as irate and violent against each other as the sisters in M. Menage's story.

We suspect, in short, that the anti-pathies would be in the ascendant, and that wise heads, very suggestive of cures, would be placed in the domain of pathology, vastly in need of plasters, hogs' lard, and bandages.

Nor would it be at all certain that the patient himself would be altogether safe among them, so as to escape the melée without some dislocation or abrasion, which would stand in as much need of the surgeon as his other ailments did of the physician.

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CHAPTER VII.

OUR ADVOCATES.

——————— The grand debate,
The popular harangue,—the tart reply,—
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all.
COWPER.

THE Advocates are the highest Corporation in Scotland, and their dignity is not merely corporate, for they contain among them individuals drawn from the higher castes, who throw the lustre of ancestry over the society of which they form a part.* Yet it

* The following account of the Advocates is applicable to their condition a few years ago:—The entire number is 462. Of these there are five Peers (four by descent and one by creation), two of whom are British as well as Scotch Peers, one a Scotch Peer only, and two British Peers only. The Faculty have long had a great hold in the Baronetcy, and at present there are twenty-three Baronets on the roll, fourteen being Scotch and nine British. There are three sons of noblemen, junior branches of the houses of Hopetoun, Leven and Melville, and Elibank. There are two knights. There are, or have been, in Parliament, twenty-five.

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is the Corporation which for the most part dignifies the individual, and this is the more curious that neither the expense of admission nor the tests of examination are beyond the reach of very humble and very thickheaded people. Accordingly, we may often see in the Parliament House the son of a lord burying the honours of five centuries beneath the dust of old Acts of Parliament and musty precedents, and strutting in all the pride of *gros royal* and horse-hair alongside of one whose father perhaps made, or could have made, the gown if not the wig which make *him*. It is not very long ago since a novice in the art of selling over the counter candles and

Ninety-two are authors, whose avowed works may be ranged under the following subjects—law, literature, political economy, politics, history, poetry, antiquities, theology, travels, novels, translation of foreign authors, criticism, and animal magnetism. Six are or have been editors of newspapers, and four others have been connected with the newspaper press. About twenty are regular or occasional contributors to the provincial press. Five are natives of the colonies, and passed merely with a view to colonial practice. Three have become bankers. Two general merchants. Two coal merchants. Two brewers. One stockbroker. Three have entered into holy orders, and two have been preachers in ecclesiastical bodies not in communion with the Church. Two are licentiates of the Church of Scotland. One is assessor to the magistrates of Glasgow. Two are assessors to the magistrates of Edinburgh. One is assessor to the magistrates of Leith. One is a historical painter in London. One is Procurator for the Church.

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soap became so enamoured of a torn old copy of Erskine's Institutes, which he had bought at a penny a pound wherein to wrap his wares, and turned it to so good an account that he became an advocate, and a very successful one too.* And why not? Genius

* The Scotch bar—a bar justly celebrated, perhaps beyond the bar of any other country, not only for legal accomplishments but for science and literature—exhibits at times great differences as regards the general amount of talent. The last galaxy has almost entirely disappeared, and we are in a period of mediocrity. It seems strange that out of so great a number of educated persons, we should not always have some great minds. We suspect that the aristocratic exclusiveness which has always ruled in this body may partly account for the circumstance. In this respect they have sometimes cut a ridiculous figure. Take, for instance, the case of John Wright, the ingenious teacher and lecturer, who was objected to by a sprig of an old family because he was of humble birth, and would have been rejected had it not been for the bantering humour of Henry Erskine. "Well, well," he said, "they say I am the son of the Earl of Buchan, and you are the son of the Laird of ———." And thus going over the whole *opposition*, in a strain of inimitable and biting sarcasm, he wound up—"Therefore, no thanks to us for being here, because the learning we have got has been hammered into our brains; whereas all Mr Wright's has been acquired by himself, therefore he has more merit than us all. However, if any of you can put a question to Mr Wright that he cannot answer, I will hold that to be a good objection. But otherwise, it would be disgraceful to our characters as Scotsmen, were such an act of exclusion recorded in this Society. Were he the son of a beggar—did his talents entitle him—he has a right to the highest distinctions in the land." The same game has been attempted to be played off since, but the ex-

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knows no ancestral castes. You may trace her through generations packed with cheesemongers, clodhoppers, and coalheavers, still seeking her fountain in the effulgence of Apollo. We need not speak of the many illustrious cases at our bar; a grandson of a barber, another of a gravedigger, the son of a watchmaker, and perhaps a similar success may attend one (but this is a secret) who spurned the *board* on which he was a squatter to seek the *boards* on which he is a strutter, and another who a short time ago was a stone mason. All right: the father of Demosthenes was a knifegrinder, and that of Lord Eldon a coalfitter.

We have said that the individual advocate owes much to the Corporation,—we may add, much also, and greatly more than one not a philosopher would think, to the tailor and the wigmaker. The new-fledged Cicero, *in esse*, is a marvellous creature. Let him be, as he has a good right to be, the son of a successful merchant or tradesman—for the mind is everything in all rational organisms—brought up in his early years, when his father was yet poor but

clusive feeling is getting less rampant. At present it should be excessively moderated, if we might judge from certain wants which have become very apparent. They are scarcely in a situation now, if they were not many years since, to reject the son of a cheesemonger, or rather one himself, if "a sharp lad."

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honourable, on meagre fare, imbued with the rustic *bas ton* of his humble caste, and disciplined in the divine school of adversity, the moment he assumes the gown and wig he takes upon him—*auctor omnium et fons*—the whole Corporation, with its Dean, its splendid halls, its library, its widows' fund, its honorary exemption from taxation—all borne by him as a glorious appanage, whereby he is destined to bulk out, in proportionate dimensions, at set dinner and tea parties, got up for the purpose of being graced by one of the Faculty. For we are not to forget that all this adventitious glory, purchased for five hundred pounds and the trouble of a little grinding in Dog-Latin, is admitted by the public as something which they are bound by usage to recognise. Nor do we object: the young men are honourable specimens of their kind, but all this is quite enough for us to bear without being obliged to hear the proof from their own lips eternally rung in our ears that they really are not dumb parrots, but duly qualified by nature to be speakers. Unfortunately, every one of them thinks he is imperatively called upon to shew, in drawing-rooms and parlours, that he has not mistaken his profession. He is apt to forget that a snug party is not to be transferred into a jury-box merely because a young advocate is present; and especial

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woe to the unfortunate wight who starts a point of law if one of these neophytes, hot from Erskine, is within earshot. It matters not that he be a respectable Writer to the Signet, with a head like a fox, or a respectable, honest, sagacious Solicitor, with a jaw like a shark, and either of them with more law in his noddle than would burst the *dura mater* of the young aspirant,—they must succumb to the learning and dignity of one of the Faculty. The evil is indeed one not very easily borne in a city like Edinburgh, where every one likes his fair share of the conversation, but it is not easily cured. We would recommend, at least, that all wine should be kept from him for six months after he is wigged, for his tongue, like a cork, will rise the higher the denser the medium in which it wags. Nor is it in company only that this *cacoethes*, this gadfly of the tongue, pricks and stimulates our young aspirants for forensic honours. We have heard a story of one, not probably more embryonic than others, who, living in lodgings, so astonished his landlady by a terrible "my ludding," addressed to a big easy-chair, surmounted by a bolster and night-cap, and lasting from twelve to one in the morning, that, notwithstanding the said bolster gave the cause in her favour, with costs, the only cause, too, he ever gained, she wrote a letter

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to his father declaring her apprehensions that his son was going mad.

We doubt, indeed, if even this is the worst of it, for the young man is apt to become, all of a sudden, a great oracle, if not a satirist. This is perhaps explainable. It is well known there is a Pasquin in the Outer House, whereon appear all kinds of satirical squibs—in other words, the "Esprit de Corps" is vivified by a pervading competition for the triumph of wit. No wig seems easy if there be not now and then a crackle beneath it.* Nor is it a small thing

* The Court has never wanted its wits and buffoons, and there has always been in succession a-head *scurra*. If we begin with Harry Erskine, the most genial of them all, we come down through John Clerk, Henry Cockburn, Patrick Robertson, to Mr L—— the present leader. There is the difference to be observed in them all between wit and humour; the difference cannot be defined, unless we are to say that humour is wit, with the addition of fat; and certainly we generally find wits spare, and buffoons well lined about the chylopoetics; but there is such a thing as *dry* humour, which throws us out of our distinction again. The *bon-mots* are endless—some of them wrongly affiliated. For instance, that attributed to Harry Erskine, where he undertook to pun upon the first word of any *subject*, and where his opponent began his sentence with "The King——" and Harry replied, "the king is no subject," is to be found in Bayle, as occurring at the French Court. There is less, though some doubt, about another, rather too well known for being "booked" attributed to John Clerk, when a countryman stalking about in the Parliament House seeking for a well known agent with an ugly face encountered John, as he was limping along the boards. "Could

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to be the author of a good joke in such a place, for the bon-mot flies with the speed of the perambulators, by whom we mean those who walk the house

you tell me where I wull find Mr MacGrugar?" said he to the advocate. "Seek about till ye find the ugliest man in the house, and that's Mr MacGrugar," was the surly answer. The man went upon his strange search, and having looked at every queer face in the Court, he came back to John, without being aware that he had spoken to him before. "Are you Mr MacGrugar?" was the unfortunate question. John turned up his grey eye and tortuous grin, and with his peculiar rasping voice replied, "No, you ugly b——r," then limped away chuckling over his triumph. Though in the matter of wit Henry Erskine certainly bore the gree, there is little doubt that Patrick Robertson was the king of the Parliament House drolls. The following anecdote is not so well known as many others. "In the Sheriff's Registration Court, two persons, the one called Jenkins and the other Duncan, were unsuccessful in their applications to be admitted to the roll of voters. These cases gave rise to a keen discussion before the Sheriff, who was strongly suspected to be influenced by political predilections. Duncan acquiesced in the judgment. Jenkins, however, entered an appeal, and retained Patrick as his counsel. When the learned gentleman rose to state the case, the Sheriff who pronounced the original judgment, and was a member of the appeal court, enquired, "Is this the case of Duncan?" "No, my Lord," answered the counsel, "this is the case of Jenkins—it is not Duncan." Then fixing his eye on the Judge, he added, with great solemnity, in the words of Macbeth,—

> "Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
> Treason has done his worst."

Mr L—— is in the wake of his predecessor, and often not less happy, though he wants the sustained solemnity. We may offer

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but never in the direction of the bench, and often explodes in a laugh which echoes from one end of the hall to the other. Now, as all men and things come up there to be pasquinaded as well as judged, the Parliament House holds much about the same place in Scotland that the Forum did at Rome, or the Pnyx at Athens. No wonder, then, that the novice comes from it inflated with the pride of a gratified censor-

an example or two. Some time ago Mr L—— was counsel for a widow who had a count and reckoning with the man who got her husband's business. It was a confused affair, but with evident cruel bearing upon the widow, and the presiding Judge advised the parties "to feel each other's pulses." Mr L—— looked for a moment at the President, and replied, "Where there is no heart there can be no pulse, my Lord." The late Mr T—— B——, D.C.S., so remarkable for the proportions of his nose, was, from his long connection with the Court, and consequent experience, in the habit, occasionally, of expressing his dissent when counsel were arguing against what appeared to him to be established form. On one occasion, in the course of an argument by Mr L——, Mr B—— frequently interrupted him by sharp repetition of "No, no," with a shaking of the head which had a sympathetic effect upon the organ we have alluded to; when Mr L—— turning to him, replied, "Mr B——, I don't want any of your no's (nose), man." Mr B—— was the author of a Treatise on the Forms of the Court of Session. A member of the Bar who fell into somewhat intemperate habits, once called on Mr L——, and asked him for a loan of B—— (referring to the book of Forms). Mr L——, who knew that his friend had often made the request for a book an excuse for a call and a drink, said immediately, "Come away, man, into the dining-room, and I'll give you the *real beverage* that I know you want."

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ship. He has lent the Telenecian echo of his laugh to a decision upon the men and things of the day, against which there is no reclaiming petition. He carries with him the spirit of the censor wherever he goes; and you will even see in his face, especially if he be a Whig, the traces of pity and contempt when he hears extra-Parliament-House incompetency pronounce an opinion upon a question which the wigs have settled up the way yonder, and stamped with the seal of their authority.*

* The Reform Bill and Railways, to say nothing of other influences, have gone far to assimilate Edinburgh society to that which is found south of the Tweed. The Parliament House aristocracy have ceased to give the tone to its manners, literature, and politics. It has gained in liberality, but it has lost in racy individuality of character. The vivacious fancy of Jeffrey, the classical taste and aristocratic bearing of Cranstoun, the crabbed, half-affected coarseness, and the sagacity of Clerk, the unerring legal tact of Moncreiff, the massy genius and unaffected cordiality of Scott, the eccentricity and acuteness of that perfect gentleman of the old school, Miller of Glenlee, the placid temper and subtle intellect of Hume (David Hume's nephew, the Professor of Scots Law), the caustic shrewdness of Gillies, the ponderous and uncouth intellect of Forsyth—would now be sought for in vain. The quiet humour of Cockburn, the spotless integrity of Murray, and the top-boots of Sir James Gibson-Craig, whose indomitable will kept the Liberal party of Scotland together when most of his colleagues were hopeless—these have all now passed away, with the dynasty of Dundas, the Peninsular war, the trial of Queen Caroline, and other controverted topics, which filled their minds and excited their passions. They who are old enough to remem-

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It is often matter of wonder what become of all these eloquent Hopefuls, for, though every one of the five hundred puts on his toga in the certain hope that it will give way to the ermine, it is matter of certainty that only about twenty are all that at any one time are in what may be called business. Nevertheless these mute orators and perambulating *faineants* are not much out of their reckoning.* No whiskered lady-killer is more fortunate in the speculations of wiving than those young advocates, whose hirsute recommendations are principally in their wigs.

They almost all get rich heiresses or endowed

ber, and who have at any time been brought into contact with them, will retain a pleasing impression of their racy and peculiar habits and turn of mind; but a new generation has risen up, "which knew not Joseph," and is fast shouldering the contemporaries of those now historical worthies from the bustling scene of life.

* It is said that the Macers used often to die of asthma, in consequence of roaring—seldom the advocates. We have one exception on record in Hugo Arnot, of whom we have something to remark elsewhere. He used to say that he broke his wind in a bad case, and, notwithstanding his atheistical bias, considered the misfortune as a kind of retribution. The truth would rather seem to be, that he had no body to give room for a pair of common lungs to play in: hence the joke on his celebrated "Essay on Nothing," that it was an autobiography. We cannot resist the anecdote in Kay:—"When in great pain one day from difficulty of breathing, he was annoyed by the bawling of a man selling sand. 'The rascal,' exclaimed the irritated invalid, under the torture and envy, 'he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month.'"

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widows. A father who has more money than status, and can give ten thousand to a man well countenanced by society to take off his hands some blooming Flora or Rose, or Violet or Lily, will consign her to the tender regards of one of these mute Ciceros, with scarcely a shilling in his pocket out of the two-guinea fee he got last month, rather than bestow her on a rich writer to the signet or successful merchant. Nay, the young lady herself, if she have a touch of ambition in her, is easily conciliated into favour, if not love. All that is needed—and the Benedict easily manages that little bit of diplomacy—is to afford her an opportunity of visiting the Parliament House and seeing the mysterious bundle of gros royal, horse hair, flour, and pomatum, parading the boards amid the sons of the greatest men of the land. How can she analyse that peripatetic mystery?—how estimate the greatness of that picturesque embodiment of the genius of law, haberdashery, perfumery, and wig-making? She can't—she can only wonder how nature could have made her such a man! and even were it whispered in her ear that he does not make one motion for an extension of time to lodge a condescendence in a month, and that even that small effort of his oratory—bearing as it does such a disproportion to his elaborate toggery—is just about

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the circumference of his powers, she could not understand it: enough for her to be the wife of a man privileged to wear that official dress—to perambulate that hall—to be on terms with these elevated personages, who have no better wigs and no more silk in their gowns than he has.

Nor really is the advantage all on his side. The tochered Flora buys status just as you would a bag of oatmeal or a firlot of potatoes, and then the man himself is just as loveable as any other of the bipeds who may have the pleasure of her acquaintance. It is a harmonious affair, with the additional advantage of having a husband to revise the "Ante-nuptial"—thoroughly versed in Erskine's chapter on "Husband and Wife"—and quite up to providing a wife with £300 a-year out of her own ten thousand.

Harmonious in the beginning, no marriage is more happy throughout, for she never knows that her dear Demosthenes is the Mute in the old Comedies, and lives upon her money. He goes regularly up to the House—puts on the dress—perambulates; nay, it may happen that, once in a session, some distracted writer's clerk, wild with terror, clutches him by the grown, and pulls him up to Lord Neaves to get him, in the absence of some Patrick Fraser or Guthrie Smith, to make a motion of three words in the great

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case (a work of law, logic, and sarcasm,) M'Growther *versus* Mucklewham.* On that eventual day his beloved Flora meets him as he enters his own house.

* There are few things more puzzling to the uninitiated than the total separation lawyers are able to exercise between their private sentiments and the emotions they display in the wear and tear of their profession. So widely apart are these two characters, that it is actually difficult to understand how they ever can unite in one man. But so it is. He can pass his morning in the most virulent assaults upon his learned brother, ridiculing his law, laughing at his logic, arraigning his motives—nay, sometimes ascribing to him some actually base and wicked. Altercations, heightened by all that passion, stimulated by wit, can produce, ensue. Nothing that can taunt, provoke, or irritate, is omitted; personalities are even introduced to swell the acrimony of the contest; and yet, when the jury have given in their verdict, and the court breaks up, the gladiators, who seemed only thirsting for each other's blood, are seen laughingly going homeward arm-in-arm, mayhap discoursing over the very cause which, but an hour back, seemed to have stamped them enemies for the rest of life. Doubtless there is a great deal to be pleased at in all this, and we ought to rejoice in the admirable temper by which men can discriminate between the faithful performance of a duty and the natural course of their affections. Still, small-minded folk—of which wide category we own ourselves to be a part—may have their misgivings that the excellence of this system is not without its alloy, and that even the least ingenious of men will ultimately discover how much principle is sapped, and how much truthfulness of character is sacrificed in this continual struggle between fiction and reality. The old lawyer, however, finds no difficulty in the double character. With his wig and gown he puts on his sarcasm, his insolence, and his incredulity. His brief-bag opens to him a Pandora's box of noxious influences; and, as he passes

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"Well, Frank, dear, what have you been doing in the Parliament House to-day?"

"Busy, love, with M'Growther against Mucklewham."

"Carried it, of course?"

"Oh, yes, gained my point."

"With all expenses, no doubt? Ah, I do so like to hear of your success in your profession—a little selfish, you know; but really I do wish to be the wife of a Lord. Now, you *shall* bring up a bottle of that old Marsala my father gave us on our marriage, and permit me to drink a glass to your triumph in M'Growther against Mucklewham."

"Most happy, love."

Yet it often happens that the well-wived advocate gets nervous on the point of conjugal independence. He is miserable at the idea of being great only through a tocher, and eyes with sorrow his poorer brethren as they rush past him to the call of the macer, and fly about so brusquely from one bar to another. He would almost give the tocher and the grand house in the country for their business, their reputation, their prospects of elevation to the Bench; but it does not suit the agents. Those

the precincts of the Court, he leaves behind him all the amenities of life, and all the charities of his nature.—*The Martins of Cro' Martin.*

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knowing ones are partial to the hard-working, hard-headed men who depend upon their talents; and these, again, are jealous of the rich competitor, whom they use all means to drive back on the luxury of his wife's golden cushion. They laugh at his struggles to be thought busy, and get merry on his solitary case, M'Nab against M'Nab, which is never out of his mouth, and by which he strives to save his reputation. Then the wags, who are of the true Bruno and Buffalmaco genus, keep up the humour. It is not long since two of these wigged gentry, knowing this weakness in a brother, Mr H——, who had got some eighty thousand by his wife, contrived to call at his house in town at a period of the afternoon when they knew he would have left for his castellated mansion in the country. They encountered the liveried flunkey.

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir, just gone to —— House."

"What a misfortune! We are a deputation just arrived by express from Glasgow for the purpose of consulting Mr —— on a case of the greatest public importance. What's to be done?"

"Take a cab, gentlemen, and go to him."

"Impossible, the case is urgent. No alternative (looking to his companion) but to go to the Dean."

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"None," was the reply; and the deputation left to carry their (no doubt) great fee and greater honour to that dignitary.

Next morning our wags were on the look-out for their Calandrino as he entered the House, and, throwing themselves in his way, were eagerly saluted.

"Well, an advocate should *not* have a country-house."

"What's wrong?"

"Wrong! I'm quite vexed this morning. A deputation from Glasgow, sent by express, called at my house yesterday afternoon for the purpose of consulting me on a case of great public importance, and there was I *non inventus*."

"We have heard of this famous deputation, and understand they went to the Dean; but may not you be proud that they thought of you in the first instance?"

"Well, to be sure, that is a consolation, and I fancy I must be contented with it." Then the wags retire behind the Melville statue to give vent to their lungs. The joke crackles through the House, while Calandrino perambulates in silent self-complacency. Alas! even a tocher has its shady side.

But, however they may live, whether on their private means, their wives' tocher, or their fees, the

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advocates are a highly respectable body of men, often rising to dignity and eminence.* True, the inside of their heads has much of the character of the outside—crispish, wiry, and apt to retain the professional twist. The genius they worship is jealous of the charms of the Muses. If she finds any of her votaries hob-nobbing with Urania, Clio, Erato, or Melpomene,

* The honour of the bar has always been well sustained. The story told of the celebrated Hugo Arnot, who would not take in hand a case of the justice and legality of which he was not entirely satisfied, is worth keeping up. On one occasion, a case having been submitted to his consideration which seemed to him to possess neither of these qualifications, "Pray, Sir," said he, with a grave countenance, to the intending litigant, "what do you suppose me to be?" "Why," answered the latter, "I understood you to be a lawyer." "I thought, Sir," said Arnot sternly, "that you took me for a scoundrel."

Were this honour of the advocates not sternly upheld, the Court would be overrun with chicane; for unscrupulous agents and dishonest clients would shelter themselves under the gowns of the Faculty. In the Crauford peerage case, an Irish competitor consulted Robert Forsyth, and laid before him his papers. The advocate having read them, described to the man the various wants—a certificate here and another there—and the client went away. Some time afterwards, the various documents described by the advocate were produced in Court—*all very neatly forged*—the man having informed the agent that Mr Forsyth had told him that these were necessary; on hearing which, the latter said to the man, "I told you, Sir, that these documents were necessary, but I did not tell you that it was necessary you should forge them and get hanged."

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she will put him in the scale against the Statutes at Large, and to a certainty find him kick the beam.

It is seldom, therefore, we find any of them straying into the regions of metaphysics, philosophy, or the fine arts; yet their practical sense of equity in the business of life has never been questioned, and their sense of honour, which is only another name for moral rectitude, has never been called into doubt.

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CHAPTER VIII.

OUR WRITERS.

"———— I am going to the Court.
You understand this bag: If you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees."

Little French Lawyer.

We have somewhere read a letter by a lady to a friend in England, the terms of which we remember so well that we could give even the words. After setting forth that she had arrived in Edinburgh, and seen some of the wonders, she proceeds to say—"It is altogether a very marvellous city, yet with certain peculiarities which strike a new resident not altogether agreeably. Almost every house in the New Town at least, is occupied by some person connected with the law, and these describe themselves on brass plates fixed upon the door by mere initial letters, such as W.S., S.S.C., C.S, and such like, which are excessively puzzling. I may say, indeed, that the

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city is a huge manufactory of litigation, and the consequences are just what we might expect; for I have no doubt, though the people, for shame's sake, deny it, that the great number of hospitals by which it is surrounded are for no other purpose in the wide world than to hold the poor ruined people who have become the victims of these said terrible men with the hieroglyphic names. Yes, the whole city is surrounded by these asylums; and an immense one for the insane, out at a place they call Morningside, is another sad proof of the effects resulting from such an accumulation of harpies. It is indeed a melancholy fact, and, between ourselves, rather alarming, even to me, who have seen many sharks in the Pacific, and other ravenous creatures in various quarters of the world—so much so, indeed, that I am afraid to walk the streets lest I should be served with some writ or summons, as they call it, or horning and poinding, or caption, or multiplepoinding—for they have dreadful names—or tapt on the shoulder and carried away bodily to the Calton Hill, where they have an array of prisons suitable to the extraordinary demands of the place. But, what is also very singular, these men of the law occupy very splendid houses, with all kinds of luxuries, to an extent indeed sufficient to force one to the conclusion

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that the inhabitants glory in this kind of oppression, elevating and pampering the very individuals who prey upon their vitals, and reduce them to poverty and madness. I ventured, on one occasion, into one of these houses, and was greatly astonished not only by the grandeur I witnessed, but by the placid and mild, I may even say gentlemanly, way in which they and their wives conduct the agreeable, notwithstanding the said hospitals are in the view of their windows. I luckily escaped with *bon-bons* in place of multiplepoindings. Congratulate me, Charlotte. But, what is to me altogether inexplicable, the houses in which the ruined litigants are placed are far finer than those occupied by their destroyers—they are indeed perfect palaces. One of them is said to have cost two hundred thousand pounds. Of course you know the community have to pay; so that, while they patronise the men who ruin them by litigation, they tax themselves to place the victims in houses fit for Lords. It's shocking; but they shan't catch me, for I am every moment on my guard; and I intend to move my camp to some quarter where no S.S.C., N.A.B., or G.R.I.P., or any other hieroglyphic, shall get hold of me."

It is not difficult to see how this *malade imaginaire* gets facts and logic to justify a conclusion so har-

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monious with her insane fancies; yet, wild as this letter is, there are many people reputed sane and rational who entertain prejudices against an entire profession not less absurd, if not idiotic. It would be a pity to destroy so ingenious a structure as that erected by our fair correspondent. We would rather take a pleasanter, if not more ingenious, view of the anomaly she has pictured, and go along with a personage perhaps the very opposite of her character, the late Robert Forsyth, advocate, who used to say, with that peculiar smile of his playing over what Mudie, in his "Modern Athens," called his brick-bat face, that the Parliament House of Edinburgh, where these Writers congregate, is a huge chimney by which the bad passions of human nature get vent. In this convenient and agreeable view the Writers contribute to a great moral purification, insomuch as they are the collectors and conductors of the inflammable element, conveying it to the Advocates, who again convey it to the Judges, by whom the spark is communicated, and the moral malaria is sent up the long stalk, and got rid of by an explosion. The Writers, as sanitory agents, are thus a very useful body of men, but for whom the animosities incident to our fallen nature would smoulder in the breasts of the people, or burst out in terrible contests sufficient to

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keep society for ever in that state of warfare wherein, according to Hobbes, it is at the beginning. The beauty of the adaptation is apparent in other respects. The fraternity, so far as we can ascertain, never, like many dogmatic officials, refuse to perform their functions, provided only that the parties labouring under the exigency of their diseases, and wishing to get quit of their bad humours, consent to remunerate their moral physicians at a certain rate of payment for each hour occupied in the operation of extracting them; and, what is even still more amiable in these benefactors of our species, they are never, with few exceptions, contaminated by the inflammatory material which thus passes through them, as if they were electric wires, which it is well known do not appropriate the subtile fluid. Nay, it would even seem that the more of it they are required to eliminate and conduct, the better pleased they are, just as if they were a species of smaller angels toiling and working for the benefit of our evil world; in place of being, as they are often cruelly termed, limbs of that very personage who is the author of the evil they are so assiduous in eliminating and annihilating. How often, notwithstanding, are they treated with ingratitude and even contumely? Do we not see every day that these very patients—however anxious they

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may have been to be bled and cured—are no sooner relieved than they refuse to pay the men of all others who restored them to cool heads and healthy livers? Nay, they revile them even like our *malade imaginaire*, and make their charges a standing joke against them; and we know that they feel it, with whatever delicacy they may try to conceal their shame: *Credendum multitudini.* Every one knows it. A respectable agent of our acquaintance eyed a grocer with keen suspicion when he charged him six-and-eightpence for a piece of cheese, and refused to purchase, yet bought the same article which the wily dealer introduced to him again at six-and-ninepence.

We are thus led to a simple conclusion. The great number of these Law Agents is merely an example of the principle of supply and demand. Scotland has always maintained as great an eminence in legal contentions as in defensive war. The spirit is probably alternative, and, if it be not the famous connatural *perfervidem ingenium* itself, it must have been introduced by the Greeks, the most litigious of all the ancient nations. Nor is this supposition so ridiculous as it may appear, when we know that Ulysses and his companions paid a visit to Angus, at that part called Ulysses Haven, or Usan, to this day.

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There is no doubt at least that we in this respect are equal to them, if not superior. If they could boast of their famous litigant Ptolemais, who lived in legal pleas and rixosities all the days of her life, we could point to female litigants in our day whose greatest delight lay in a good hot legal contest; and if a Greek, as Diogenian tells us, would go to law if an ass bit his dog, we could point to a case, famous at the time of the Shakspeare Club, where an ass rushed into the Court of Session because a puppy touched his nose and did *not* pull it. Then, when could even the Greeks boast such an array of social purifiers as we of Modern Athens, from the Writers to the Signet, a superior class of agents, down through the Solicitors in the Supreme Courts, the Solicitors-at-Law, to the seedy, sleazy pettifogger,* with black-

* The Court is never without some of these harpies, who generally carry on their war against widows and orphans in the Canongate. It is the fallen ones who are ambitious enough to show their faces (often like Nosey D—— or Nosey W—— without noses) in the Parliament House. In one of them who used to go by the name of Deaf W——n, there was a trait of humour playing over his rapacity. With no mercy in his poindings and threatening letters, he had a mode of his own of getting quit of sympathetic appeals. He was, to some extent only, deaf, but, like the deaf man in the *Spectator*, he turned his misfortune to account. When called upon for delay or money he could hear none—impenetrable as a piece of whinstone—and the poor client roared and bawled into his ear without ever being able to move the tympanum. The

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brown coat, which in its better days perhaps graced the pulpit, and now exuberantly brushed, and boshed hat, who poinds garrets and lays waste cellars,—representing all phases of morality, from the most refined honour to the basest rascality, and inhabiting all kinds of residences, from the grand mansion in Moray Place, with a liveried lacquey at the door, to the rickety loft of an old crazy tenement in the Anchor Close, where a white fir table and an inkhorn, a whisky bottle, and two or three steel pens, crooks, hooks, and unipedes, like those described by Albert Smith, with a few old law books reduced to fly-leaves, constitute the machinery by which he extorts the widow's moan and the orphan's cry. These last may be called, according to our ingenious doctrine, abnormals, insomuch as, instead of eliminating the evil spirit, they infuse it, and, banishing all shame, pity, and penitence, they become such bosom friends with the old enemy that, even when dying, they will laugh

unfortunate writer regretted God's judgment upon him, but he could not help it—it was no fault of his, and the client could not bawl for ever; but no sooner was he gone than the poinding made progress. It was surprising how so deaf a man could hear an offer of partial payment; his gray eye lightened up in a moment and the claws were ready to seize the prey. It is said that he used to chuckle with delight after he had beaten off, by his device, an unfortunate debtor.

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at some clever trick of subtile chicane. We have heard of one who, from a fine house in the New Town, came to reside in Carrubber's Close, and of whom a Catholic priest entertained some hopes when he saw he was approaching his end. The keeper of the keys of St Peter wanted to unlock the dark secrets, but the pettifogger played off upon him the old trick of Ciapeletto in the story of Boccacio.

"Have you no heavy sins you would like to confess?"

"Oh, yes, very heavy," was the reply; "I once discovered that I had charged a client three-and-fourpence more than I ought to have done, and when I went to repay him I found he was dead, but I paid it to his executors."

"I fear you have more to answer for," said the priest.

"Let me remember," replied Glossan; "Oh, yes; I discovered once, after getting payment of an account, that a page of one of the papers was too sparsely written by exactly ten words, and I had no means of rectifying it, for my client had gone to America."

"No more?" asked the priest.

"A little," replied the other, casting over the face of the holy man a leer even in death; "I have drunk six trusts, devoured a dozen of widows, and

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eaten up a score of orphans." The priest fell back in his chair, and when he recovered himself the harpy soul had quitted.

Yet it may be said to be honourable to human nature that so many men, constituted, to a great extent, the arbiters of their own charges, are really so honest as we often find them.* The elasticity of a writer's account is not always connected with his dishonesty, but often depends upon that well-known tendency of human affairs to run into entanglement,

* We have had some very good examples of agents. James Marshall who, as figured in Kay's portraits—peculiar in many respects particularly for his swearing—was one out of many we could mention who brought the law to the succour of the poor. One day his poor washerwoman appeared at his house in Milne Square with a rueful countenance. "What is the matter, Janet," said the writer in his quick way. Janet replied in faltering accents, that she had lost her gudeman. "Lost your man," said the writer, looking attentively; "How the deevil did that happen?" and then Janet went into a long story, to the effect that her husband had fallen into an excavation where they were building a house at the top of Leith Walk. Having got the poor woman away Mr Marshall, whose feelings had been wrought upon, hurried to the spot, and the consequence was an action of damages against the proprietors of the building. The defenders became alarmed and waited upon the Writer, offering £200 as solatium. "Na, na, ye b——s," was the reply, "that sum would have been taen if ye had come forward like gentlemen and helped the puir widow, but now three times that amount winna stop the proceedings." It is said that he got £700 for the woman, every penny of which he handed over to her.

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and then the unwinding and dissolving give rise to thousands of occasions in which an agent may act or not act, or do one thing or another thing from promptings which, though an honest man as the world goes, he could not justify to the face of a criticism taking its stand on a big account. We might thus say that while honesty in an agent is much it is not everything. Much of the safety of the client lies in his entering the den of a fed lion. The moralities with the best of men are little better than feelings of the beautiful, and necessity is a mighty charmer of sympathies and antipathies. Hence the poetics of account-making and the necessity of accountants. The old story of "Advice to you when at tea" has been too often in effect fully verified,—nay, we are not absolutely sceptical of the story of the client who, while bathing at Trinity, saw his agent rise up, after a long dive, at his side and cried—

"Ho, there, Mr ——, have you taken out a fugæ-warrant against Burt?"

"He is in *quod*," replied the agent, and instantly dived again showing his heels as a parting view to the client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview with the shark until he got his account, containing the entry, "To consultation at Trinity anent the incarceration of Burt, six-and-eightpence."

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Well, it must be admitted that some of these things are bad enough, but there are others even worse. You cannot even now, after so many Acts of Parliament passed for the purpose of simplifying and shortening law-pleas, satisfy every Agent that a plea ought really to have an end. The Greeks, according to an old writer, Zenodotus, had a joke about a certain Judge called Bunas, who argued that there was no logical reason why a litigation should ever come to a conclusion, and we suspect the ingenious notion still hankers about the hearts of many of even our more respectable Glossans. They make a humour of it when there are any present whose plucked skins do not prevent them from enjoying the fun.

"Look you," says one of these Gilberts, "as for us Agents, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world to suppose that there is any special reason why we should wish a termination to a plea. Is it a sin in a man to obey the maxim of Solomon, and be industrious in his day and generation? Then, as for the parties, do we not know that all men are continually getting into contentions, and that one contention is better than many? No doubt each party may wish a law-plea terminated, but each will have it terminated in his own way,—and then, unfortunately,

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there is no such thing in the world as a decree which is calculated to please both. Yes, thank Heaven, that is an impossibility. Nor has even a man's death anything to do with the cessation of a good case, for, if the predecessor thought it right, why should the heir think it wrong?—and we come back to the old unassailable position that, as neither party wishes a judgment against him, and as every judgment must be against one, you cannot prove to me that a plea once begun should ever have an end."* Somehow

* Yet they do have an end, and our Agents and Advocates will know this by and bye, if things go on as they are now doing. In prior times we have had examples of a dearth of law-pleas. In 1638, the spirit of litigation seems to have died away even in Scotland. At their customary rising before Easter of that year, the Court resolved "that it is not necessare that they should return here this Sessioune, seeing there are only few dayes of sitting, and that there are no people to attend craving justice." (A. S. 22 Ms., 1638.)

The same thing is threatening now, at this very time, to occur again, but from another cause. The people are beginning to find out that the Court of Session, with its thirteen ermined Judges, its army of Advocates and Agents, all living upon a poor country like Scotland, is a gigantic evil which must be abated. There has been observed a great falling off of cases during the last two Sessions, principally, it is supposed, from the greater powers conferred upon Sheriffs, who decide their cases upon a third part of the expense. It may be that these inferior Judges may go through their work a little roughly, but they contrive somehow to get pretty satisfactorily at justice; and better a little rough handling,

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or other the logic of our legal Zeno does not please. It is even interdicted by Act of Parliament; but then, is not this just another evidence, as our humorous friend maintains, that man is filled with contentions, nay, even to the point of contending whether

in cases not involving large sums, with moderate costs, than a play of legal metaphysics such as we find in the higher Court, with a legion of Advocates and Agents tempting the Judges to refine, all the while they are picking the substance off the clients, even to the bones. In short, a great many of the pleas, involving often paltry sums, are made the occasion of debates and judgments involving nice points of principle, generally shading away into the mist which overhangs like a pall the origin of human rights, and in the midst of which a man may turn either way, without knowing whether he is right or wrong. George Jos. Bell and Andrew Rutherfurd had once a dispute as to whether law was a science; perhaps both were right and both wrong; at any rate, though in one sense Law and Justice are identical, they seem to split sometimes; and it is too much to hold that when the former chooses to play hide and seek the other is always bound to follow her. We think a change is impending, and that there will be an increase further in the power of the Sheriffs, and a corresponding dereliction of the big Court, which is only a big enormity. It is time that some end should be put to such cases occurring in the high Court as the following, reported in the Note-book of a Student of Law:—"A process of Multiplepoinding having been called, and a multitude of Counsel having crowded to the Bar, Lord Jeffrey enquired what was the amount of the fund in dispute, and was told that it amounted only to the small sum of £25:5:9. 'I am extremely sorry,' said his Lordship, 'to see so many guests at so poor a banquet.'"

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these very contentions themselves ought or ought not to possess the unamiable quality of having a termination?

After all, the conclusion we arrive at is, that the Writers of Edinburgh are no worse than their neighbours.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE WINE FANCIERS OF EDINBURGH.

——————————— Recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple.

KEATS.

WE of the modern world have undergone a change as regards our taste for wine. The Romans sweetened their wine because they had a notion that in the mulsed form it mixed more kindly with the blood and prolonged life. We have read of Pollio's answer to the Roman Emperor, that he had attained to his great age by means of honeyed wine within and oil without. The moderns brandy their wine, and like it *dry*, which we suspect is just another name for sharp or acid. It matters nothing for consequences as to health or long life—the Edinburgh fanciers are peculiarly fond of the dry thing. Witness the scenes

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that occur in certain rooms in Hanover Street or George Street shortly after one of our Trojans dies—where, too, we may learn the truth of the old adage, that men, like gudgeons, are most easily hooked by the mouth. The auctioneer angles adroitly, and the baited hook goes round in the shape of a wine-glass, with a sample in it of some curious Sherry or Madeira, which has undergone the wonderful fortune of having been twice round the world, and is emphatically dry. Then you will see how the delighted eye sparkles a jovial recognition of the golden hue—how the amorous nose snuffs up the rising aroma—how the chops are puckered up as if every nerve were a purse-string drawn against a pathetic appeal of poverty. They never suspect that it is so very dry. The stomach and veins may be puckered up too—nor do they care. These organs have no smack. The tang is all in the tongue, and the deeper that pierces the papillæ the greater is the delight of the oinomaniac.

All this time the auctioneer is sounding forth the years of vintage—a practice copied from the Romans, whose wines were illustrated by the names of the consuls under whom they were pressed. The glorious year is perhaps half a century ago. Cobwebs are its hoary honours—dryness its cynical wisdom.

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And if the parcel happens to have been the property of some great connoisseur, who has died, perhaps, from too much of that very acidity they are enjoying, the effect is deepened. The auctioneer is even satirical. How cheap for vintage 1810. What a bouquet, gentlemen! Twice round the world!!—and only five pounds a dozen!!! The purse-strings, not necessarily used to resistance against the prayer of hunger—relax as the corrugation of the *buccæ* increases under the enthusiasm of another taste.

Silence, ye water-swillers!—ye sour-visaged, long-faced apostles of temperance, who see sin lurking in that golden sparkle. Is there no glory in drinking a bottle of wine from the cellars of Sir William Curtis or a veritable Lord President, with the mysterious yellow seal of Bell, Rannie, & Co. impressed upon it? Well may it mount to twelve pounds a dozen—a pound a bottle for this *terræ sanguis*—two shillings for one movement of the epiglottis. What cares the wine fancier? Little do ye know the agencies at work in his noble soul. Enjoyment, not gross but rather sublimed into poetry—the pride of an Amphytrion—the glory of its being known that he is the possessor of this nectar—the admiration of him when he shall be *renommé*. Nay, twelve pounds, after all, is only moderate. A parcel of Johannis-

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berg, the queen of hocks, from the cellars of Prince Metternich, the king of Tories, rises by growing pounds, uttered with unctuous lips, to sixteen pounds a dozen. The mania is gratified; even those who have offered the intermediate unsuccessful "bids" are famous for life.

Verily and soberly, there are men in Edinburgh who can prevail upon themselves to pay sixteen pounds, sufficient to keep a poor man's family for six months, for twelve quart bottles of an over-kept, sour, unpalatable, deleterious, gravelling liquor. Do not mistake us. We would rather undergo asphyxia in a water-butt than growl a Gough-grudge against the ruby-nosed son of Semile, who held that noble member, whereon were carbuncles rivalling in value the pearl in Cleopatra's cup, over the triclinium of Cato the Censor, as he was surprised in his potations by the crowing of the Roman cock. These things are simply amusing to us, not a radical using the argument "*ex invidia ductum*," nor, we say, is it less amusing to see the *quantities* which these luxurious amateurs accumulate in their catacombs. Lord Jeffrey, critical in varieties, could be proud of exhibiting thirty-two different kinds of wine at Craigcrook. Old Tom Cranstoun, recondite in Spanish sorts, could bring forth not fewer than thirty; and

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the late Lord Justice-Clerk, deep read in white Ports, was not behind either of them; while Robert Ainslie probably exceeded them all in numbers of dozens if not varieties. There are hundreds of such in our correct, decorous, moral Edina. Grand while alive, the true grandeur of these virtuosi of the tongue can be known only when the red and yellow treasury is ransacked by the auctioneer after they are dead; four thousand pounds are laid up in the catacombs of a Judge, and as much in those of a Writer to the Signet.

We can little appreciate the feelings of these pleasant and not inharmonious spirits as they used to descend, candle in hand, into their vaults, and snuff the old mouldy air, heavy with the promise of long years of pleasure, and see the sacred cobwebs, woven by the gloomy wine-spider, enveloping their bins. Yea, we may estimate the potency of the Canidian charm by the fact that the great Neptune of our tee-totallers' water-world has been obliged to defend himself against it by a stone and mortar dike a foot thick. Yet not misers these doating souls; they do not hug the bottles and lay them down again; they only count how many fuddled noses be there potentially enshrined; how many years it will take to paint the time-honoured member, even like unto that

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possessed by old Kilbucko, which (he replied) was not finished, when King George the Third asked him how much money and time it took a painting, to the proper depth of the rosy hue. When the Catholic religion was in its palmy days the best wines were called *theological*, for the reason that cardinals and other great bishops claimed the sunniest vintages. These respected dignitaries were entitled to the choicest drops of the celestial liquor, leaving the inferior kinds for the benefit of their flocks. In our Sybaris the choicest magnums are claimed mostly by the lawyers, and we should change the word; the curious wines should be called *legal*, as the best cigars are called *legalidads* by the Cubans.* Have

* The true "legal" was at one time the Claret, the love of which seems to have diminished somewhat. Of all wines it is that which grows upon a man, becoming at once a luxury and a stimulant. Perhaps few of our paper Lords or Advocates, of former times, carried the affection for this wine so far as good Lord Ankerville (David Ross of Inverchasly), of whom it is stated,— "The annual migration of the Judge from north to south, and from south to north, became of as nice regularity as the cuckoo's song in spring; and as well did the Highland innkeeper, at half a mile's distance, know the rumbling creaking chaise of the one as he did the monotonous note of the other. The quantity of Claret (which he preferred above any other species of wine) drank by his Lordship, on these annual journeys, has been variously estimated; and although no satisfactory statement has ever been given, all agree in saying that it must have been immense." We have more

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we not said these wines are dry and sharp?—the muscadines and softs being left for the benefit of the clients. Nay, will these clients not draw a lesson from these catacombed graves, where their fees lie entombed, waiting a saturnalian resurrection, when will be toasted, "The glorious uncertainty?" No,—we are not hipped with water and full of bile. So long as God's glorious sun shall kiss the rosy grape, so long shall man rejoice in a generous glass of na-

precise evidence as to another lover of Claret—Lord Newton. His modicum was three bottles. We have had many anecdotes of the "power of carrying" possessed by such topers. Lord Ankerville's love of Claret did not abate with his increase of years. A gentleman relates that he once pounced upon him at his seat of Carlogie. "He had then reached his seventy-fifth year. Being alone, he had just sat down to dinner, and not having expected a stranger, he apologized for his uncropped beard. Our friend was of course welcomed to the board, and experienced the genuine hospitality of a Highland mansion. After having done ample justice to the table, and when his Lordship had secured a full allowance of Claret under his belt, he went to his toilet, and, to the astonishment of his guest, appeared at supper cleanly and closely shaved, to whom he remarked that his hand was now more steady than it had been in the morning."—KAY. It is well known with what right we can also place the famous Dr Webster of the Tolbooth among the lovers of Claret. A friend on whom he called one day, aware of his predilection for the liquor, said he would give him a treat, adding, that it was a bottle of Claret forty years old. The bottle was produced but turned out to be a pint. "Dear me," said the Doctor, taking it up, "but it's unco little o' its age."

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ture's best boon. But follies ride wildest on the choicest of blessings; and it were well to remember that moderation is the golden mean—the real enjoyment—the grand epicurism of luxury.

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CHAPTER X.

THE JOLLY TOPERS OF EDINBURGH.

Widely o'er the earth I've wandered—where the drink most freely flowed,
I have ever reeled the foremost, foremost to the beaker strode;
But stouter—bolder drinker, one that loved his liquor more,
Never yet did I encounter, than our friend upon the floor.

BON GUALTIER.

THE genus is nearly extinct,—and therefore we intend this article as a kind of supplement to our wine fanciers, who are verily a present existing reality. We have had many anecdotes illustrating the habit of deep drinking, and our chief difficulty lies in avoiding a repetition of these.

We may refer to the famous Duke of Rothes, of whom Burnet says:—"He was happily made for drunkenness. For as he drank all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards, one after another, so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered; and, after the greatest excesses, an

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hour or two of sleep carried them off so entirely, that no sign of them remained. He would go about business without any uneasiness, or discovering any heat either in body or mind. This had a terrible conclusion, for after he had killed all his friends, he fell at last into such a state of weakness of stomach that he had perpetual colics when he was not hot within and full of strong liquors, of which he was presently seized, so that he was always sick or drunk."

Probably the scene at "Friars Carse," described in "The Whistle," by Burns, with so much of the spirit of a priest of Cybele, is, with the exception of the well known competition for the golden crown offered to the greatest Bacchanal by the Tyrant of Syracuse, the most renowned of all the exhibitions of this most extraordinary kind of prowess, for that the leading impulse was the pride of superiority in what was reckoned a species of moral fortitude and physical resistiveness there can be no doubt. We may well wonder, in those days marked by so much decorum, tinged as it is by pretty deep lines of simpering refinement, that man could glorify himself in having a tough hide to his stomach and most impervious material in his cranium.

Yet we suspect there is even still a lingering contempt—we hope it will soon die out—for him who

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"shirks his bicker." Nay, the foundation of the custom of jolly bouts is as old as the inspiration of the Saturnalia or the savage enthusiasm of the Odin banquets; and as we know too well, in the midst of all our beatitudes of moral improvement, that nature continues to be more prolific of animals than of angels, we are not optimist enough to expect that this love of rousing the social affections into a delirium, and of creating, as it were, for the toper a world of his own, will ever be altogether eradicated from the breast of fallen man. You will even hear it whispered that the custom is not in all its aspects hateful. Even philosophers, such as David Hume, have written that deep drinking "is only a vice when pursued at the expense of some virtue." Admitting all that the teetotallers say, and say so justly, against Bacchus, some will tell you that, of all the gods under Jove, no one is so able and willing as that jolly god to enlighten Plutus, and let into his darkened soul some of the golden beams of Apollo. The devotees of the jolly bouts were often generous as well as jolly; and there have been grand instances of drunken munificence from which very rational and sober benefits have accrued.

For ourselves we have no great respect for anything drunkenness can produce, excepting, perhaps,

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a sore head and remorse, but we confess to a stronger sense of the ludicrous than of the hateful when we hear, for instance, of such a story as that told of the three great bouters, scarcely less eminent than the heroes of the Norway Whistle. The late Lord P——, A—— G——, and his friend N——, once entered into a compact, not "*bibendo pellere curas*," for they had few cares to dispel, but actually to outdo, not only the feat of Friars Carse, but all that was ever celebrated in the annals of bacchanals. The day was fixed upon as well as the place, the latter being the Plasterers' Inn, on the old road between Kirkcaldy and Dundee. If the rosy god had been among us personally in those days, and had protruded his head over those of our three good-natured conspirators, we might conceive the ineffable leer of triumph and delight in those laughing eyes we have so often seen in old pictures—the unearthly light shining through the drowsy, dilated, narcotised pupil—the grotesque wink to his foster-father behind him, the little flat-nosed, tun-bellied, old drunken sot Silenus. Verily the spirits at least of these comical, mythological personages, were sufficiently diffused through the hearts and marrow of our three bacchanals. Nor did the compact fail. The appointment was as solemnly kept as a saint's day in the Roman Calendar. For three

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days and nights was this terrible symposium maintained. They despised the luxury of a bed; the carpeted floor, strewn with empty bottles, received each worsted champion by turns as he succumbed gloriously (as it was termed), for a time, to the power of the wine-god, only to rise again, like a giant refreshed, to renew the contest, and to witness, with an echoing laugh, his companions take his position, who again, Antæus-like, rose to resume the competition.

We never heard how the victory was to be decided, or who was the victor, but a few words of Boniface have been preserved:—"I have had queer customers in my day; now there's three billies up stairs—I kenna wha they are, or whaur they come frae—but I'm sure, if they sit anither three nights, they'll no leave a bottle o' claret in a' the kindom of Fife."

Or, take another story, which the mention of this one brings to our recollection, as told to us by an eye-witness. The fifth regiment, of which the narrator was an officer, having been stationed at Montrose, M—— (the same Lord P——), would have them to dine with him at the Castle, and, in return, the officers were honoured by his presence at their mess-dinner. They had had a taste of their guest, and knew what they had to expect, but probably the

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issue transcended their expectations; for, after a night worthy of the worshippers of the Walhalla, kept up till cock-crow, and when these valiant compotators were scarcely able to keep their legs, a cart was heard to drive up to the door. M——, who knew the meaning thereof, immediately rose, and followed by the officers all reeling in true Bacchanalian measure, descended to the street. There was the cart, with an enormous wooden bowen placed upon it, and in the bowen a corresponding wooden ladle. It was easy to see that the bowen was to be filled with something stronger than morning dew, and filled it was straightway with punch, hot and reeking, mixed by the hands of M—— himself, amidst the loud huzzas of the men at arms. Then a drum and fife were put in requisition, and, preceded by this music, away went the cart slowly through the quiet town, followed by the red-coated Corybants. The shrill fife and rattle of the drum, sounding at the break of morn, brought the astonished burghers to the windows and doors to see what to them must have been a strange sight: M——, brandishing the huge ladle, and filling up glass after glass as fast as he could supply the demands upon him, every moment increasing the crowd as the news flew from one to another. The imagination strains

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in these changed days to picture all the lights and shadows of scenes like these enacted by full-grown men of high rank and superior education.

We are inclined to condemn, and yet, as we have said, a feeling of the grotesque dissolves the intention and the lungs together, and we are forced to confess that old Momus is not limited to a niche in the Roman Pantheon.

The custom did not stop with such celebrities as these of the beginning of the century. It was continued down through the Sam Andersons, the Peter Hills, and Patrick Robertsons,* and certainly it was not the inauguration of teetotalism that was the check,

* The convivial scenes at Drummond Place have been scantily recorded, and it is as well that they should not be remembered. Wit and humour never die, but buffoonery deserves to perish. A famous divertissement at the symposia was the celebrated boar dance, of which we have heard the following account from an eye-witness :—" The scene was acted far on in the evening, when Sk—e had gone to sleep, and M——e had taken his Straduarius out of the box. P——k acted of course the part of Bruin (Ursa major), for which he dressed, or rather undressed : a long rope was placed round his neck, which was held by the bear's master. Then began the dancing of the animal to a slow drawling tune—the time being kept as well by the arms, at the end of which dangled the semblance of paws—as by the legs—the face sublimely bearish—not a trace of a smile, or a trait of humanity—all brought down to the beast. Bits of bread were accepted of, and munched most bearishly ; and the dodging and lazy turning, with occasional grunts and growls, were imitated to the life."

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The clubs, ranging from the "Pokers" and the "Cosies" up to the "Fusileers," the "Dilettantes," and eke the "Hell-fires,"* died out as the family circles, rendered charming by increased social converse and domestic comforts, wiled the hearts of husbands from convivial glories and aching heads. But even this was as much an effect as a cause; and here we are met by something altogether mysterious. The conflict between Professor Bennett and the English physicians brings out what indeed was becoming patent to all, that the constitution of the people of this country has undergone a change which quadrates strangely with this transition from deep drinking to comparative sobriety—from jolly bouts to soirées.†

* They used to adopt the old practice of drinking the devil's health at this last. In the *Analecta Scotica*, we read of Marion M'Call, who in 1671 had her tongue bored for drinking this toast; and Robert Law, in his Memorials, tells us, that the Earl of Kelly, the Lord Kerr, and David Sandilands (Abercromby's brother), with other two gentlemen, fell a-drinking, and to excite each other began to drink healths. Having exhausted their names, they did not know whose to drink next. "One of them gives the devil's health, and the rest pledges him. Sandilands that night going down stairs fell and broke his neck. Kelly and Kerr within a few days sickened of a fever and died; the fourth also died shortly; and the fifth, being under some remorse, lived some time." Our hell-fire worthies are almost all dead, but not, we hope, *because* they belonged to this club.

† The exiled Lord Nairne took very ill in France with the sober habits of the people, so different from the Bacchanalianism of his

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The inflammations which were so rife at former times, and even up to the term of the drinking clubs, and which kept the Sangrados busy with their lancets and leeches, have almost disappeared from this part of the world; and, what is still more strange, even when an inflammatory attack does show itself—not, be it observed, as a consequence of intemperance—the patient cannot now, as formerly, support the loss of the old quantity of blood. Here is a curious subject for the physiologist. We cannot pursue it; but it seems clear that the cessation of deep potations was synchronous with the transition from a certain state of the constitution which courted inflammatory incentives, and could maintain itself against the bleeding required by their effects, to another entirely different, which does *not* court these incentives, and cannot maintain the phlebotomic remedy.

Teetotallers, look up in hope; don't you see a higher power than your own platforms, periodicals, soirées, pledges, and self-denying ordinances, working

own country. Being at length joined by a few more, in the like circumstances with himself, he got them all assembled round him at dinner one day, and when the cloth was removed, addressed them as follows:—"I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense around me, after being plagued for a twelvemonth wi' a set o' fules, *nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them.*"—CONOLLY'S *Life of Bishop Low.*

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secretly amid the *arcana* of deep physiological energies, which may bring about your grand millennial bliss independently of you, and the effects of which you may yet claim to yourselves by the sign of victorious garlands—not of bay leaves, vine stocks, or even roses (which have too much the colour of wine)—but of pure white water lilies as big as the flowers of Rafflesiana.

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CHAPTER XI.

OUR EDINBURGH BACHELORS.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

MARTIAL.

Is there anything peculiar about the Bachelors of our city that we dare to make them a class? Dear innocents! Do not be alarmed that we should run into a proof that the celibacy of our gentlemen is of a more arid, confirmed, and hopeless kind than that of others of this peculiar, and, as they say, forlorn species of men. Such a proof is perhaps possible; nay, matters might be even worse; but our only reason for our classification is, that, according to our statisticians, there are more of these interesting personages in Edinburgh than in most of other large cities. We are not to philosophize upon the cause, of which we have a shrewd suspicion; we are only

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to say what our gallantry, as otherwise shown, might indicate, that even that horrid Simonides who wrote "Bachelor's Fare," dare not insinuate into the ear of a corrugated Sibyl that there is the smallest, microscopic, infinitesimal, tenth-fluxional blame to be attributed to the other sex. Never doubt it, ye lovely, hopeful girls, faithful spinsters, dear amiable, resigned, tender-hearted old maids.

But, alas! there is a portentous, if not a very terrible thing, we have to whisper into your ears, and which, if we did not feel the full force of that necessity, we could have wished buried in the Bœotic enigma, or in the heart of the Sphynx, or in the works of Alexander Ross, or those of Sir Archibald Wordy, or in Mahomet's Coffin; and that is, that a certain learned writer in Germany has discovered and published in the Conversations-Lexicon—no doubt to please the ghost of Bellarmin and vex that of Bishop Hall—that, in addition to those who are made bachelors by their evil stars, nature hath ordained and set apart one man out of every hundred for the express purpose of being a celibate.*

* Sometimes these true celibates get into strange positions—witness the story of Dr Black and Dr Hutton, who, deputed by a club to seek out a good room for their meetings, fixed upon "Stewart, vintner," on the Bridge. Here, accordingly, the philosophers often met, discussing "Latent Heat," and "The

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We grant and deplore the gravity of the announcement; but, dear souls! there is no need of prussic acid, or even sal volatile. No doubt it is no small trial for you, as you walk Prince's Street, equipped of course gracefully with the grey bernous, the turban, or Snowdon bonnet, drooped with the coy Maltese or Chantilly fall, your red wincey, shown by the purest necessity of saving from a clean pavement the silken skirt, and the nappy Balmoral so elegantly adjusted; to look, however indifferently, on these our slow-pacing noble figures of men, with Adonisian faces, hirsute to perfection, shoulders all but Milonic, and graces of attitude from a higher school than that of "Turveydrops," and think how many of these, for years to come, may be more wretched time-garroting bachelors of no more use in the world than so many imported gorillas. There is some comfort even here.

These forlorn and wretched creatures are still within the pale of redemption; they are not *ordained* to be set apart from all nubility, that is, of course, all nobility—they are not an imposibility of conquest—

Theory of the Earth"—till good Dr Hutton on going in met a bevy of young damsels rushing past him into another room. The philosophers had been meeting in one of the worst houses of bad fame in Edinburgh.

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not a forlorn-hope up among the hard rocks of celibacy, where the obdurate Greek once sat smiling at sighing Mitylenian maids, and saw unmoved the divine Sappho hurl herself from the Leucadian cliff. They have only not yet found—according to the pretty Platonic allegory—the other halves of the beings they were once conjoined with as one; and perhaps some of these halves are at the moment looking at their long lost moieties.

But with what grief and anguish of spirit you must be penetrated when you think that one of these noble lords of creation—yea, one in every hundred—mayhap even he on whom the blue eyes is fixed in admiring wonder—is the subject of a primeval law passed

> "Ere yet the light of rosy morn
> Broke in a flash of dawn and wakened up
> Old Chaos from his sleep,"

whereby he is doomed for sixty or seventy years to tread this nether world a solitaire—then die and be forgotten. We respect that sublime grief. But listen, we have balm for your wounds. You have another comfort even beyond the range of the ordained. We cannot deny that a celibate may have a high mission from nature, and serve an important final cause in the design of creation. We do not stop

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to inquire whether Eloïsa was right when she argued with Abelard that philosophy and letters claim unmarried devotees; neither do we assert that every philanthropist is the better for having no wife.

Howard was married, and so was Elizabeth Gurney. Yet the saying of Pope, that the selfish and the social affections are the same, is only true in a metaphysical sense, for we cannot deny that husbands and proletaires have, when properly tested, wonderfully little love beyond the charmed circle of the domestic *lares*. We must remember, too, that every one cannot be always in a state of wedlock; wives die as well as husbands, orphans are cast upon a world pretty cold to them, and Aunt Beckys and Uncle Tobys are required to supply the places of parents. Sisters, too, are dependent on brothers. Then who shall say that good bachelors are cold and frigid in their friendships, merely because they are not stimulated by the endearing caresses of a wife or the lisping loves of children? Is there no love but that between sighing lovers, or husbands and wives, and parents and children? Damon and Pythias were said to be real personages. Who does not know that these loves are but the phases of a spirit which, in its unity, is the soul of the world, and in its diversity for ever yearning after its object, maintaining its warm pulses

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against all hyperborean influences, nor ever remitting its throbs till shut up by avarice or stilled by death? Do not, fair and lovely souls, begrudge these poor and forlorn wretches their honest praise. You have still evidence of your power, even wrung from themselves by ever-recurring desertions from their ranks to those of the Benedicts.

Enough to console you; but listen to what we, as one of the fraternity of bachelors, are now about to avow. Must we confess that we have a weakness? *Helas! je ne sçais quoi!* Young ladies, when they meet in deep and solemn conclave, take up with subjects which, being natural and tasteful, are at once useful and delightful. They speak of the harmony of sweet sounds, and warble like nightingales. They measure by inches the interest in the last new novel, and, if they sympathise with each other in sympathy with the hero or heroine, they hug each other in delight or dissolve in tears of pity. Then the luxury of the whisper of that mysterious secret which they lisp into the ears of their companions, with no intention to tease or raise envy, but simply to ease the swelling heart of the sweet burden of a vivid *fancy*,—for, alas! some one of *us* has pressed a hand a little too warmly —perhaps to impart to it a portion of caloric and relieve its cold—or fixed on a sweet face a look of

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abstraction, caused by a thought concerning that brother-bachelor who cheated us of five pounds, or that victim of the Western Bank for whom we signed a bill never to be paid, and straightway emerges the necessity of that secret whisper which carries the electric vocables that she is *engaged*. Married people, again, are all levelled down below the region of speculative opinions, paradoxical heterodoxes, or heterodoxical paradoxes. They speak sensibly of cookery, of the training of children, of the price of the four pound loaf, the rise on butter, and the expense of education. They are rational; but what do we do at our symposia of darling fellowships? Ah! "there's the rub." Funny and free, then, are our bachelor revelries. "We be jolly dogs, fellows of infinite jest and most excellent fancy," who instruct the planets in what orbits to run, correct old time, and regulate the sun; we mount where science guides, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides.* Every one

* The bachelor is good natured, jolly, sleek, and rolly-polly. Lifts all the little school-girls over the mud puddles, and kisses them when he lands them on the other side; admires little babies without regard to the shape of their noses and the strength of their lungs. Squeezes himself into an infinitesimal fragment, in the corner of an omnibus, to make room for that troublesome individual—one more. Vacates his seat any number of times at a crowded lecture, for distressed-looking single ladies; orders stupid cab-drivers off the only dry crossing, to save a pretty pair of feet from immersion, and

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of us rides his hobby, which he whips and spurs to the amusement of his fellows, each of whom, when his laugh is out, mounts his wooden Rosinante and gallops helter-skelter.

> "All have their charms, but charm not all alike,
> On different senses different objects strike;
> Hence different passions more or less inflame,
> As strong or weak the organs of the frame."

We have all of us a species of happy madness, which we increase by our libations; and as the blood of the grape warms our hearts, and we experience the soothing effects of "the weed,"—as we appreciate the delicious aroma and its influence over the senses and thinking faculties,*—our better nature, as it surges

don't forget to look the other way when their owner gathers up the skirts of her dress to trip across; is just as civil to a shop-girl as if she were a duchess; lends his umbrella and goes home with a wet beaver; has a clear conscience, a good digestion, and believes the women to be all angels with their wings folded up. Here's hoping matrimony may never undeceive him.—FANNY FERN.

* Christison concludes "that no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the practice of smoking." Dr Pereira testifies to its healthy effects both on the mind and body. Even Dr Prout, the highest medical authority of the day who can be cited against tobacco, only speaks of what "is said" of its deleterious effects. Locke says that "tobacco may be neglected, but reason at first recommends the trial, and custom makes it pleasant." Professor Johnston, himself no smoker, concludes, from the testimony of mankind—for next to salt, tobacco is the article most

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in our bachelor-hearts, wells over towards all mankind; we crack jokes inexhaustible; we fight our battles o'er again; we "set the table in a roar;" we laugh loud, long, and heartily; we cultivate the flowers of imagination and paint pictures until the curtain falls, to our own satisfaction; and, when at length we bid adieu to this sublunary scene, we endow princely hospitals for the destitute, on whom it devolves to calm down the harpy faces of our shades by drinking to our memory on the anniversaries of our birth. Ladies fair, gentle and simple, our fate is in your hands. You can do as you like with us. You are our jury, and can give your verdict in any way you please; albeit the high and mighty parliament of love has ceased to hold its sittings.*

largely consumed by man—that "its greatest and first effect is to assuage and allay and soothe agitation in general, and that its after effects is to excite and invigorate, and at the same time to give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought."

* In Provence, during the flourishing time of the Troubadours, Love was esteemed so grave and formal a part of the business of life, that a Parliament or High Court of Love was appointed for deciding such questions. This singular tribunal was, it may be supposed, conversant with more of imaginary than of real suits; but it is astonishing with what cold and pedantic ingenuity the Troubadours, of whom it consisted, set themselves to plead and decide, upon reasoning which was not less singular and able than out of place, the absurd questions which their own fantastic imaginations had previously devised. There, for example, is a reported

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"We've passed the season of manhood's prime,
But our hearts fly back to the olden time,
When we whirled along in the mazy dance,
'Neath the sunny ray of Beauty's glance;
And felt the rapturous, thrilling charm,
Of her young breath, coming soft and warm;
The languid eye, the skin like milk,
The silver whisper of trailing silk;
The twinkling feet 'neath the lustre's ray,
That over the well chalked floor would play;
The tender grasp of the white gloved hand,
As around we went to Strauss's band;
Ah! those times were to us most sweet;
We don't dance now, it so hurts our feet;
Our waists are thick, our breath is short,
We're martyrs to gout, and fond of port,
And, alas! prefer—how mortals err,
Short whist, and elderly dowagers."

case of much celebrity, where a lady sitting in company with three persons, who were her admirers, listened to one with the most favourable smiles, while she pressed the hand of the second, and touched with her own the foot of the third. It was a case much agitated, and keenly contested in the Parliament of Love, which of these rivals had received the distinguishing mark of the lady's favour. Much ingenuity was wasted on this and similar cases, of which there is a collection, in all judicial form of legal proceedings, under the title of *Arrêts d'Amour* (Adjudged Cases of the Court of Love).

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CHAPTER XII.

OUR RETIRED INDIANS.

Now, on my faith, this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire!
Masters attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it.
Old Play.

We have in Edinburgh a goodly number of retired Indians, attracted by the beauty and salubrity of the city, or by its being the metropolis of their native land.

They are peculiarly situated: they don't fit in among us somehow. If they find, on coming home, that they have any friends among the higher classes, they endeavour, naturally enough, to get admitted by them; but if they have none such, and can count only on old acquaintances or relations among the lower—a very frequent case—they do not find themselves in a comfortable way. With no high caste

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originally of their own (we admit exceptions), they have gone to get one among a people of castes, and they have found one, not of the kinds pertaining to the poor wretches over whom they have ruled, but one built upon these as a species of mild tyranny.

This they bring home emblazoned on an escutcheon, which is a heraldic anomaly: the field *pearl*, occupied by a three-headed deity bedizened with paint and staring with goggle eyes; *or*, supporters, two tigers passant, *ruby;* crest, a thistle, enseigned with an Indian crown, *topaz;* and surmounted by a motto, "*Nemo*"—the words *me impune lacesset* having escaped their memory in consequence of having been driven into them at the school of some Fochabers by the wrong end, alas! so easily birched by not being breeched. This ensign they hold up against our lions, helmets, and morions, and assert that it elevates them above all mechanical people high into the altitudes of greatness, but how high they cannot very well tell. It is no wonder that this imported caste is not understood by us plain folks, or that we do not find it very easy to fit it in either among settled occupants or aspiring competitors. "Oh, I must surely get in among the Honeycombes, the old aristocracy, for was not I in India placed above the descendants of Zingis Khan and the Great Mogul?"

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But then the Honeycombes say, "You have not ancestry, you are not of 'the Blue Veins,' and do not carry, even in those you have, a single drop of the blood of the Great Mogul, so you cannot be of us." Then they try the grade of the new proprietors, who are themselves busy working up to become a joint in the tail of "the Blue Veins," and these have the boldness to be shy to men who have been worshipped by Talukdars. The Paper Lords, too, in their turn, dare to look askance at personages who have lorded it over the ermined Judges of the mighty Nizamut Adawlut. Nay, even the Advocates have the assurance to look dubiously on those who have kicked about, with their spurred boots, all manner of civilians, and even cut Judges, by an elevation of their noses,—and shall they play the dinner-chum with pleaders before the petty punchayets of a small barbarous country like Scotland? As for the Writers or Agents, why, those of India were their abject slaves, and they won't consent to fit in their foreign caste there, overlooking, on their side, that the higher Writers to the Signet are hooked upon the Honeycombes, and view the new comers as a species of successful adventurers. It is quite needless to descend further down, for to the Nabob or Nawaub all the inferior strata are mere mud, slush, and cockle-

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shells, in the estimation of men who have walked among the marble palaces of the Chouringee.*

The case is a little serious. The aspirants, both men and women, are of cultivated manners, generally intelligent, and often rich; but they have come from a country of many gods; each has made unto himself one, which is his *alter ego*, and we in this country being great iconoclasts, are not in favour of image worship, even though the idol be not of wood, or stone, or gold, with feet of clay. There is no ark before which they will abase themselves, or submit to have their gold or ivory hands and feet cut off and become Dagon-stumps like us. The pity is, that though they were once imbued with our genial nature, a fond love of our heath-clad hills and our

* There is one class of these retired Indians, the military men, who perhaps carry their pride higher than the others. They look down upon even the Queen's officers, who, again, will scarcely admit them to be gentlemen, so they cut each other with weapons scarcely less sharp than their swords.

We believe it was to a Company's officer that the following anecdote refers:—"In addressing a jury upon one occasion, Mr Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present during the whole harangue. Upon hearing himself several times contemptuously spoken of as 'The Soldier,' the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader 'Don't call me soldier, Sir, I am an officer.' Mr Jeffrey immediately went on,—well, gentlemen, this officer, who is no soldier, was the sole cause of all the mischief that has occurred.'"

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healthy fare, they cannot see any beauties in them now, so as to render them even willing to try to unmake themselves out of the grotesque moral shape they have glided into and got hardened in by the circumstances of their later life. There was a time, ay, even in India, when the very name of "Auld Scotland" was in their ears holy; but once home, and rendered sour by that eternal struggle for caste, they would prefer the baboon strain of "Hilly Milly Punniah," to the divine pathos of "The Flowers of the Forest." Nay, it would appear that they cannot transform themselves, even if they would: we have no Lethe in this modern world, with her consoling waters of forgetfulness; and even if we had, they would not take the plunge to free them from these delightful recollections of a sybaritic life.

The dream is as pleasing as it is worrying; their luxurious habits, their *esprit de corps*, which elevated them as if by a divine afflatus; their dominion over an ancient people, who obeyed them, watched their every want, and hung upon their every look; the climate, with its balmy breezes and "cold bubbling fountains," their balls and masquerades, their chariots and horses, their champagne and Bass, their curries, chutnees, love-apples, and mangosteens, their warm baths, and cooling punkahs, haunt them for ever here

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in our northern land, which in contrast presents to them the hard face of independence, sturdy virtue, and free services, the cold breezes of our mountains, our heathery hills, and plain roast and boiled, or Scotch kail. So inspiring are these remembrances and so allied to the self-will they have acquired among slaves, that they would force all cross-grained customs into the very form of their old plastic amenities, and as they feel the granite points they fret their soft faces against them in vain efforts to do that which is impossible; they see the while our own people apparently happy, ensconced behind the defences of religion, contentment, and domestic peace.

It may be they envy them, but despising as they do every caste but their own, and aspiring, as they ever are, to be adopted, and accepted, and "dawted," and worshipped where their ambition points, they cannot prevail upon themselves to confer their really, if they choose, pleasant humours, their knowledge of the world, and their wines, upon those who would receive and give in exchange good society, excellent conversation, and very passable meat and drink.*

* We could give several examples of what is here stated. The late Lord R——n had a relation by marriage who, having been got out to India through interest, came home a Major. This gentleman was always grumbling and declaiming against the inhospitality of the Edinburgh gentry. "Why, man," said Pa-

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They are unfittable, in their own dear, yet inconvenient native land, and they come to know it too well, when it is too late to return to the old paradise in the balmy east.

It is altogether a strange business, and the more melancholy when we know that these people when abroad luxuriate in the recollections of home. Keep them in India and they will make the fragrant atmosphere of their bungalows resonant with our Scottish songs. "Auld Lang Syne" forces tears from their eyes as they hug each other like fond children,

trick, "what have you to complain of? What do the Edinburgh people know of you? You come home here a perfect stranger to them, with an Indian god in your pouch, and you wonder why you are not worshipped. Open your door, man, bring out your wine, put the god into the fire and be jolly, and you will have no reason to complain of the Edinburgh folks." But the Major could not do this. He left for India and soon died there. How many others have done the same. We suspect there is something in the subject deeper than our philosophy can reach, if it be not a suggestion pointing to a solution, that Nature is averse to emigration, except under the condition that the emigrant shall go where some of his own tribe have settled, in a new and previously unpeopled country, with no intention of ever returning. Even in that case there are yearnings which death only can still.

"The home renounced becomes a land of dreams,
To which our hermit shadow leads us still,
To see the cottage where our mother lived,
The churchyard where she lies, and hear
The birds that whistle there their ancient notes,
But to awake to foreign loves and weep.'

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when they think of their absent mother; the man who can give with effect "Green grow the rashes O!" changes the sere leaves of their affections into a freshness as green as their own heath-clad hills; and he who can even contrive to roar "A man's a man for a' that," in the hearing of these dark enslaved sons of Shem, half-a-dozen of whom would not make up the unity of "a man" contemplated by Burns, raises a contrast so favourable to "the pale faces," that their very hearts swell within them, and send up a flush among the saffron. He is a very angel among them, for he carries their spirits up to the third heaven of those early feelings which were so fresh and natural, and glistened so like the clear fountain far up from the victim-stained and drumly Gangetic stream of their exotic pleasures. How little wot they that their nature is changed, while the old hills and flowers and the fond hearts and songs are not, that a crust has gathered over the seat of their affections, to be removed only by abrading and tearing the strings which used to thrill to the joys they once

> "Met in the morning.
> That danced to the lark's early song."

Yes, this process must be undergone when they come home, and then the heart is felt to be a broken and crazy harp set up among the willows. Let the breezes

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of worldly prosperity blow ever so kindly, they will not charm forth the old strains without an admixture of notes that are wild and unnatural, forming a medley, thrilling and grating, melodious and discordant, raising hopes and dashing them down, appearing present yet far away, absent yet close upon the ear.

> "The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
> The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again."

These things we see around us, and we sympathise with what appears an untoward fate, but there are features in this change which produce regret, if not a little shame. We see men, on the whole, with really good hearts, at least once generous and kind-made, slaves of a wretched and ill-advised system of foreign life. We know from many sources that numbers of these people, soldiers and doctors, will come home, and, after flying to Scotland, retreat to London, to be out of the way of their poor relations, of whose condition they are ashamed, and of whose poverty they are afraid. If they have courage enough to remain among us, they will pass in the very ways and byways, near by where they enjoyed with their early companions the pleasures of youth,

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their once-loved associates, whose forms and faces often glided over their fancies while abroad, without a sigh or token of recognition.* There are fine ex-

* We cannot help giving here an anecdote which we have from a friend. A certain cottar named M——o, residing in a village in the north, having married the house-keeper of a Lord, contrived to get his eldest boy out to India as a cadet. The lad was a thick-headed, good-looking dolt, very fond of all kinds of play, in which he was joined by the other poor boys of the village. One of these, Sandy M'Bean, who became afterwards an excellent piper, well known in Perth, saved his friend Geordie's life by pulling him out of an old quarry-hole, but the affair was thought little of and passed out of recollection. Geordie remained out in India till he got to be a captain, a circumstance which went through the village as a great wonder, and by and bye it began to be whispered that the great man was to come home—good evidence of which appeared on an additional story being put upon the cottage. The day arrived so big with the fortune of the little village, and the hero was actually in the inside of the house. What a stir! what looks of wonder! what attention directed to the house that contained the great Eastern Mystery! But what was the surprise, indignation, and disgust of the poor villagers, and especially his old play-fellows, when they discovered that their once familiar Geordie took no notice of them—passing them in the way as if they were beneath all recognition. To make matters worse, too, they soon learned he strained every energy to get invited out by the neighbouring lairds—an effort in which he was partly successful. They do strange things in these far away places. The people, and especially the old playmates, became incensed; the Highland blood got up, and Sandy M'Bean's was not less hot than that of the others. They conspired for a suitable revenge on the great captain, and Sandy was the ringleader. One morning some forty stood before the house, and no sooner was the door opened than one or two strong fellows entered and brought out the

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ceptions of men of the right stamp, who become all natural again, but we are not ruled by these in our judgment. The old Bill or Bob, or Geordie or Sandy, who used to scale with us the cliffs and harry the tam-nory nests, and surmounted with us the orchard dikes, or shared with us the pennyworth of gilded gingerbread, or swapped marbles with us, comes home a long-bearded Major, with a liver on bad terms with his head, and a purse on worse with his heart. He passes us with up-turned nose, looking at the sky-line of our new tile. We stand amazed after he is passed, and wonder if this be the way of the world. No. It is only the way of those who have been among slaves, and have forgotten that they were once among the sons of liberty—"of men who, once dressed in a little brief authority, cut such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as would make angels weep."

Though ourselves with something of the old generosity in us, we are forced to admit our satisfaction

"Mystery" in his Indian dressing-gown, slippered, and bareheaded. No parley: they placed him in position. Sandy's bagpipes and Charlie M'Nab's drum were in readiness. March, was the word, and the great captain, placed in front, was escorted out of the village on the road to Inverness, accompanied by the sounds of the drum and pipes as they rattled and skirled "Lochaber no more." The captain never visited the village again.

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that the harsh act is often its own punishment; for it is this very pride, founded on the foresaid escutcheon, which is the ruin of that happiness they came home to enjoy, and yet cannot enjoy, because they spurn the feelings of their common nature, ignorant that that nature, like the thistle of our emblem, will not be touched harshly and not bite. Alluding to the happier fate of the exceptions, we would say that just in proportion as our Nabobs take kindly to their old friendships and affections, and search into the once-endeared hearts for feelings to which their own would awaken as if out of a long dream of artificial loves among strange groves, do they reap the fruits of their toils, and repay themselves for the loss of their enjoyments. If, in short, they would treat their old friends as they sometimes, for the love of grouse, do the heather hills, which change no more than they, they would purge their livers of atrabile, and brush off the saffron from their cheeks. In place of this, they torture themselves with a love of admiration and efforts to fit in their new caste—every now and then firing themselves up with indignation against those who, in their own *amour propre*, they call proud. It may be replied that all this takes place here even when parties remain at home. True, and we feel a little scorn when we make the admission—knowing

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that he who rejects an old love is not worthy of a new; but the answer is that the home upstart is more wise for himself, for he finds new cronies as he drops the old ones, and neither his own heart nor that of any of his victims is jerked by the same sudden shock.

Yet this shame of our brotherhood, and contempt of God's laws of humanity—so far consistent with castes—is an occurrence even marvellous in comparison of the frequency of that treatment of old friendships which we deplore in our returned emigrés.

Thus rejecting, and thus rejected, these victims of what we have called a false system of life, have scarcely any alternative but to wrap themselves up in their pride and self-worship. If they ever open up it is to let in Indian chums, and then they speak of nothing but their old exploits and past enjoyments, all interspersed with a jargon of bastard Sanscrit not at all agreeable to western ears.

But, strange enough, though always doating on India, it is not India as a nation, for they never adopted it, and could not adopt it, foreign as it is in its customs, ignoble in its morality, and degraded in its religion. No, they only adopted a caste formed there as a civilized stratum, over deep degradation; and having in heart and feeling renounced their

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native land, though they live in it, they have not another country on the face of the earth, even of adoption, and are thus often without a home and without a friend.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARTISTS.

For though I must confess an *artist* can
Portray things better than another man ;
Yet, when the task is done, he finds his pains
Sought but to fill his belly with his brains.
Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,
T' admire the head and then to starve the parts?
Lady Alimony.

Of all those classes which have passed under our review, there is no one of which we can say we have less difficulty than in that of the Artists, of detecting the means whereby they acquire and maintain the position they hold in society.

They owe generally so little to extraneous helps, that their works are the very mirrored reflections of their idiosyncrasy. We could point, and that with honour, to examples among them of a weaver, a baker, an advocate's clerk, and so forth, who have undergone the metamorphoses whereby they have been changed into charmers of more potency than

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Ariel. No wonder that they are generally considered to possess a considerable amount of self-conceit and irritability; and we presume we cannot say that those among us are an exception, when we consider that our whole nation is represented by a thistle. But are we to understand that the peculiar form of mind which, against all opposing obstacles, inclines a person to be an artist, is in any way necessarily productive of peculiar sensitiveness? The question looks a little metaphysical, that is, we suppose, quizzical, and therefore, in those days—in spite of the entombing tomes of Sir William Hamilton—suspicious; but, if all metaphysical questions were as easily answered, there would be small foundation for the prejudice against that ill-used science, which is the only key we have to the mysteries of our being and of the universe—all so like an enchantment. We answer in the affirmative, simply because the very tendency itself is the expression of susceptibility; and this, in a world so thickly strewn with thorns as ours, is only another word for the quality of being sensitive. But the genus is exposed to an objective cause which, of itself, would make tender and touchy very solid, if not very stolid and impassable people. We allude to that formidable Greek fire of newspaper criticism, to which our artists are exposed for three or four

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continuous months in every year. It is not, indeed, easy to form an adequate notion of this refined torture—

> "His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
> By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
> His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
> By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear."

Nor would it be so bad if the critics were even more like than they are to that parrot, which imitated so well David Bridges in his selection of "crispy bits."* One, a member of the Academy, and a little inclined to the Rabelais strain, has confessed to us secretly that during the period of that cannonade he is in a continual fever. "I cannot," he says, "make this visible to you in a more vivid way than by supposing

* Mr James Simpson, in the last edition of his "Waterloo," premises his description of the Louvre paintings by saying he will avoid certain words, "breadth," "handling," "scummeling," and, above all, that sublimity "chiaroscuro." He will always, he says, have before his eyes the awful fate of a somewhat pedantic technicalist, David Bridges, whose favourite terms in criticising old pictures in which the colours had run into knots, were "crisp bits," and "buttery touches." An eminent artist, whom these terms much provoked, taught them to his parrot, and practised Poll to apply them at breakfast, when the toast and butter were touched by any one. One morning his friend (David) breakfasted with him, and as the bird had been taught always to add his familiar name to these technicalities, it was ready when he put forth his hand to the toast-rack or butter-dish, with "crispy bits, Davie," "buttery touches, Davie."—SIMPSON'S *Waterloo.*

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that these critics, who are able to get up a few vocables, such as 'scumbling,' 'drawing,' and 'colouring,' sometimes attempting even such esoteric terms as 'impasto' and 'chiaroscuro,' took up our personal peculiarities, our noses and chins, in place of our pictures. Come, now; the humour takes me, and while you are sipping your punch, I will set off to you an imagined article of this kind by one of these critics, sitting in a spring-bottomed chair in the office of some 'Witness:'—

'It appears to us,' saith this oracle, 'that our townsman, Mr Peter Crayon, has not got justice from nature, either as regards drawing or colouring. It would seem that she at one time—perhaps in the sixth month of his fœtal being—intended that his face should be proportioned in the ordinary way, and that the members thereof should hold a certain correlation to each other, and that she had suddenly changed her purpose. On no other supposition can we account for the excessive irregularity of the whole contour—yet always appearing to struggle for some kind of conformity. Beginning at the top, we may pass the hair, which is too much of a crispy bit, and admit at once that his nose is well drawn, if not elegant, in so far as regards symmetry; but then it seems, from its size, to have been intended to coun-

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terbalance a chin of very extraordinary dimensions, and yet the latter feature is cut away to a triangle, as like as possible to that shape which Sydney Smith, in one of his sermons, denounced as horrible to look at. Where were nature's compasses? What lay figure did she copy among the floating archetypes of primeval forms? Did she deliberately intend to form a monster? Nor is it of much importance to our Crayon, that we are called on to admit that the colouring of his face, if it had been properly distributed, is worthy of Titian; but here again the same fault attaches, and the same supposition is required to explain that wonderful accummulation of pure claret rubyness at the point of the nose we have so conscientiously praised, as if it had been produced at the expense of the other parts of the face, which are as pale as they could be after reading this our article. Verily it reminds us of Major Belcher's nose, on which a West Indian fly having perched during the mess dinner, Julius Cæsar Pompey cried out, "Ha, ha! Massa, him burn him's foot."* Nay, we might

* Why go so far away for a nose. The lovers of low humour may find the annals of Edinburgh rich in noses. It was by Mr Charteris's nose that the well-known story hung:—"Gentlemen, if you can't pass I will hold it aside." Sergeant Gould's was also famous, not less Rose Robinson's, and the late Mr B———'s was such a treat to the Londoners, that when he came to the end of a

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push our honest criticism so far as to make very sad work of the expression of his face. The lively grin about the lips is clearly at the expense of the vivacity of the eyes, which are much like unto well-boiled grapes, immediately before being finished into Spanish mammarilla; and the laugh which alternates with the grin has no relation whatever to the ideas—if any such things be inside—which would seem to produce it. And now we may conclude by admitting that the body of Mr Crayon is finely proportioned, all to

street, he was sure to be met by a host of boys and girls, who, having got a glimpse of the member at the other end, had hurried along a bye-way to be before him and ready for his coming up. In one of those speeches where Patrick R———n used to introduce (not with the best taste) his relation as of this place—*hujus loci*—he comically changed the words into *hujus nosi*, with his usual grotesque effect. This member, in the different individuals, had very different aspects. We are told that Charteris's and Gould's sparkled with lively carbuncles and rubies, and looked jovial and pleasant. Of the Sergeant's, the Lord President was so enamoured that he promised to lay it (as a part of the head of course) in the grave. Rose Robinson's had always the look as if it were still growing, and hence the joke—

"Rose's nose
Grows, we suppose."

It was Napoleon who said, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose, and head go together." As we are upon noses we may

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Greeks. Aristotle, we think, says that Polygnotus beat all the ancients to sticks in expression; but there is one greater than Polygnotus, even our old Mother, who has taken as much trouble with the muscles of Mr Crayon's index as, according to John Clerk, she took pains with President Blair's brains. There never was such expression; the only fault we find with it is that no human being can understand it. We have no patience with the nonsense about the legs. The right has as decided a twist as the left, but, taken together as objects of comparison, they are as perfect *qua* males as were those of Madame Vestris *qua* females, and every one knows that casts of the latter were once exposed in the London windows.'

"Suppose, further, that the other penny papers follow in due succession, and that all this continues, as regards Mr Crayon and his brethren, for four months every year. Don't you see that the Artists are just the Crayons, with this difference, which is none at all, that instead of their bodies being subjected to this dissection their pictures are; and does not everybody know that these, as the produce of the mind, are, like one's children, just as many parts and portions of the parent, and that what affects the one affects the other."

There is, indeed, much truth under our friend's ex-

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travagant suppositions. No! we need not wonder that our Artists have a dash of hysteria about them, and feel often the wind-ball in their throats during all that trying time when the public are reading these penny papers, and talking about them, and praising and blaming, and joking and laughing.* No one of them can be sure that a caricature of some darling 203 of his is not lying on the very piano where he is turning the leaves to the Angelina of his hopes. Talk of sensitiveness! of a fine *amour propre!* What

* It is not often they have the fate of Wilkie. Haydon describes the success of the "Village Politicians" in 1806. He says, "On the Sunday (the next day), I read in the *News*, 'A young man by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work.' I was in the clouds—hurried over my breakfast—rushed away—met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!' 'Is it rea-al-ly?' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed—and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly,' this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' 'Do they rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will rea-al-ly.' 'For heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said 'rea-al-ly.'" It was this simple unconsciousness that at once enabled him to go straight to the truth, and hold on by it in the midst of ridicule and the strictures of the envious, rather than any feeling of daring or defiance.

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muscle and bone could stand it?—and they don't stand it.

We know another instance, where a victim who had essayed a high subject, was reduced to such a state of nervousness and timidity that, if he heard the crackle of a dry paper, he went as bad as the dog-bitten creature who shudders all over at the sound of running water. Do you ever see them looking at their own pictures in the Gallery? We trow not. They get in when there's nobody there, and, like a dog drinking in the Nile, they snatch a timid look, and off. Or do you ever hear one speak of a cherished work unless, per chance, it has the charmed word "Sold" upon it? Well. This reminds us that there is a set-off against these calamities. Of a morning one of them may be told that the ticket "Sold to the Association" has been stuck upon his picture,—and this is the other side of *our* picture. A good lady once rolled up some puffs, left over a tea party, of which an artist was one, and gave him the parcel home with him. With what dismay did he find in the morning that the paper contained some harsh strictures on a cabinet bit on which he had spent many anxious hours; but, just as he was meditating on the strange *contretemps*, a friend entered and told

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him that the picture had that morning been purchased by the Association for 50 guineas, and that the charmed words were attached.

These words are, indeed, talismanic. Let the Artist but once see them, and they burn into the retina like the sun-image in Sir Isaac's eyes. They become a dream, and haunt him wherever he goes. They once haunted a novice in the Rainbow, as he sat alone drinking off the effects of the day's pillorying. They swam in the liquid light of his fancy as it glanced over triumphs to be achieved in the future, and the fumes of the toddy only served to make the image more bright. There were the words in every vision—a splendid transparency, radiating successes as manyfold as the strokes in a crown *rayonante*. What though they were not yet attached to his picture 282, which those terrible critics had called a daub. He had surmounted the pillory, and stood on the top of it a Simon Stylites, reflecting glory, and not the aroma of old eggs. In this mood he was observed by two of the penny Hipponaxes, who sat in the next box washing down the dregs of the gall that had not that day escaped at the point of their pens. They would hoax the poor entranced Pictor, and spoke that he might hear.

"Have you been at the Exhibition to-day?"

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"Yes. I still find the beauties but scanty, yet it is a glorious bit that 282. There was a crowd around it at four this afternoon when the Clerk brought forth the label 'Sold to the Association,' and applied the conquered tribute."

"Did you look the book for the price?"

"Pshaw! what signifies the price—only thirty guineas—enough for a young man's first work, and yet not a hundredth part of the value."

"'Twill make the poor devil."

"Make him and poor devil too! Why, man, though he were never to paint another 'twould immortalise him."

The dream of the dreamer was realized by open circumcised ears. He rose and rushed out of the room, and the rogues, as they saw him pass, laughed at their too certain triumph. It was too late that night to make sure, even if he had been doubtful of his fortune. He was *not* doubtful, and who shall figure the extacies of that night, and then that morning, when he hurried through the stream of the people in the gallery, not to take a Nile-dog's lap, but to swim! *

* We may give one instance out of many of the trials of painters. While Martin was unknown, and engaged on his first great work, his means were so exhausted, that he was one day reduced to his last

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It is this alternation of censure and success which raises in the Artist that *amour propre* for which they are remarkable, but for which, when all is considered, they are not much to be blamed. Certainly it is not those who are most praised who have most of this self-estimation. Self-love, like some seeds, springs most surely when exposed to alternations of heat and cold. The egg of the fowl must be cooled by the several interruptions of her incubation; and as even the most successful of the class are exposed to this heating and cooling process, the whole fraternity come under the same denomination. Yet, who shall say they are not a very estimable class, worthy of our love and patronage? Shall we forget, in the consciousness of their little infirmity, that they are some of the chosen vessels by which genius pours over common minds the pleasures of her inspirations?

shilling; and this last shilling he had kept for some time because it was a bright one. With it he went to a baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. The loaf was purchased, the last shilling paid, and the change about to be handed to the artist, when the baker snatched the loaf from the starving man and gave him back his shilling, because it was a counterfeit. Martin, however, was utterly broken down. He went to his humble lodging, and having at the bottom of his trunk found some crusts of bread, with which he sustained his existence, he set to work again at his picture. He struggled on till the picture was finished and exhibited, and in less than a week after its exhibition he was famous. The picture was "Belshazzar's Feast."

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How many pretty, as well as ennobling fancies, do they introduce through the eyes into minds which never read, and which, but for pictorial representations, would never see beauty or virtue except in the fleeting and dissolving fluxion of life? How strangely, indeed, do they seem to realize the fable of frozen words—make light and shade not only steadfast but eloquent—change physical tints extracted from dead matter into a living poetry which breathes and burns into men's souls. How by these dead lights and shadows they weave up into formal beauty the inner feelings, as if these latter, themselves moral lights and shadows, were obedient to the charm of genius working with such simple materials carried on the top of a pencil! It is here they have an advantage over the poet, whose visions must be transmitted and transmuted by vocables, which are themselves an abstraction, and must, ere they produce and relume the images in other minds, be passed through a mental process for which very few of mankind are fitted. To all others they are as a dead thing; but pictures live, and breathe, and speak, with all the directness and force of nature herself, and nature under the spell of beautifying art. We have known a fine scene or painted morality haunt rude minds for years, gliding through the dark shadows of their

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sins, like the genius of their better nature, lingering and waiting for Hope.

Yet with such noble ends to keep them in close union these gentlemen are rather a Caste distributed; a common cause may attract them to each other, but their *amour propre* repels them. In Scotland they have not attained to that height in the social scale to which they are entitled; their Academy is a modern invention in comparison of a college, with the power of granting degrees, and their alphabetical designations carry but small weight, if they do not rather mark them out for the supercilious look of the Honeycombes, who will yet flock to the Exhibition, and hang with delight over the triumphs of their art. If they were richer we might hope more for them. An occasional knightship is too suggestive of the difference between the palette and the brush, and the clanging buckler and spear; it is not even often that they are "taken out" by the higher classes. One may be occasionally paraded by a rich amateur; he may have a chance for a ticket to Dalkeith, or some Lord Murray may dine him;* beyond such he cannot

* Lord Murray's sense and achievement of hospitality were always remarkable. His tea-table at St Stephen's, when he was Lord Advocate—that remarkable tea-table presided over by Lady (then Mrs) Murray—is well remembered by those who were weekly guests at it. It was a long table, with an enormous and

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aspire, nor perhaps does he care, at least he ought not, if he is a true son of the Muses, at whose court "old parchments" don't go for so much as glowing and speaking "canvas."

excessively rich Edinburgh cake in the centre—and such a company round it. When Sydney Smith was in town he was sure to be there; and the Jeffreys, and Dundases, and all the Scotch, with plenty of English celebrities. The Lord Advocate's chambers were under the same roof with the House of Lords, and in the intervals of the debate Lords and Commons used to come dropping in for tea, and that unique cake, and chat, till the summons to a division called them away, rushing and scrambling like schoolboys at the last stroke of the bell.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MERCHANTS.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads to press them to the bottom,
As I must yield with you I practised it;
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you.

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

When Harry Erskine suggested the motto for Mr Gillespie's coach, which had been built on the profits of a successful snuff and tobacco trade—"Wha would hae thought it that noses would hae bought it!"—he probably was not aware that he was cutting deep into the pretensions of all castes, not excepting his own; for it is doubtful if even the oldest and most dignified of our aristocracy have a higher origin of sanction for their estates and honours than what the old Lacedemonian called "The Law of the Hand;" so that their panels might very appropriately bear, in place

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of the analogue "'Twas noses that did it," the blazon "'Twas fists that did it." The Lord Lyon or Garter would have told him, too, that the motto is of the very highest heraldic virtue, in so much as it implies courage, if not rapine. Nay, if the old Border ballad be true, as applied to the ancestors of our great and very worthy Duke in these parts—

> "If every man had his ain cow,
> A right poor clan your name would be;"

we might vary the cause, and not be far from the fact, by suggesting the motto, "'Twas cows that did it." Even this, humble as it may seem, is illustrious in comparison of other original causes of ancestral honours. When the property of Sir Walter Raleigh was wished to be confiscated by King Jamie, the latter gave it as a sufficient reason for the cruel act which would take the much-prized inheritance away from the widow—"I want it for Carr;" and why? because the said Carr was a sycophant; and here the motto behoved clearly to be, "'Twas bows that did it." Would that, for the honour of the genius of heraldry, we could descend no lower; but these things are wisely concealed: you will not find the little word "leno" in all Gwillim. It is the cardinal virtues that shine there amidst bright suns and shining semi-lunes; and woe to the democratic tongue

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that would venture the doubt whether any of these said virtues in reality ever entered into the origin of any of our great houses. We admit exceptions, but they are few; and the reason is that these noble qualities could do very well of themselves without titles, castles, mansions, and messuages, and do not want them, for they are gems of rare value, and just in proportion to their lustre they require the plainer a setting.

We find a difference in modern times, when a man, by genius, industry, and honesty, acquires an estate, and perhaps a knightship.* The wise respect

* When Merchants, and not more they than other people, stick to their lasts, they become great in their own way, and that way often leads to statesmanship and the highest offices in the land, but woe to them generally if they go beyond their *Crepida*. "It has long been usual," says Macaulay, in his History, "to represent the imagination under the figure of a wing, and to call the successful exertions of the imagination flights. One poet is the eagle; another is the swan; a third modestly compares himself to the bee. But none of these types could have suited Montague (Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax). His genius may be compared to that pinion which, though it is weak to lift the ostrich into the air, enables her, while she remains on the earth, to outrun hound, horse, and dromedary. If the man who possesses this kind of genius attempts to ascend the heaven of invention, his awkward and unsuccessful efforts expose him to derision. But if he will be content to stay in the terrestrial region of business, he will find that the faculties which would not enable him to soar into a higher sphere will enable him to distance all competitors

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him, because they know he deserves it; but such is the force of associations—such the romantic charm of ancient lineage, though sprung from the triumphs of the sword, the reiving of cattle, or the sycophancy of a courtier—that the modern architect of his own fortune has no more chance with the Honeycombes, even in the estimation of a great portion of the people, than a golden beetle with a lion rampant. This is the case almost everywhere in our old kingdom, even in these palmy days when we pretend to have surmounted the prejudices of the days of chivalry; so true is it that the highest civilization always betrays some of the trails of barbarism; but of all places in the kingdom Edinburgh is that in which the "New Man" has the least chance of being received into the old ranks.

in the lower." The *Athenæum* illustrates this position by referring to the men of letters in the House of Commons:—"Sir E. B. Lytton goes into the House of Commons and becomes a chief of his party—a coming minister. Mr Gladstone, in literature, would be a second-rate essayist; in politics he stands in the highest rank. Mr Disraeli is a novelist of the third rank—a poet of the thirtieth: in the House of Commons he is a great power. Lord John Russell is a conspicuous example of the relation of faculties in the two services. He has tried every form of literary exercise: drama, history, poetry, essay, biography—and in none can his warmest friends assert that he has taken high rank. Yet, the genius that has failed to earn distinction in literature has sufficed to rule the House of Commons and govern England."

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In several of our towns the merchants rise into an importance which defies the risk of being snubbed and dwarfed by the higher castes; in one or two they are even the first men, ruling not only the Corporations, but giving a tone to society, and, if they are overtopped at all, it is by some cadets of old families, who take up their residence there as being near to the heads of their houses. But in Edinburgh the Merchants,—such as, to go a little at random, the Richardsons, Lawsons, Cowans, Clappertons, Craig Brothers, and Robertsons,—a class different from the shopkeepers, and yet not composed so exclusively, perhaps, as in other towns, of large wholesale or commission houses, however rich they may be, are overshadowed by many castes, and apt to find, if they were not too wise to try, a difficulty in introducing themselves where, weighed according to their merits, they would be found overweight.* Ah! their motto

* Antiquarian research, it may have been observed, is no part of our plan, otherwise, we could easily have gone deep into the antiquity of some of our Edinburgh Mercantile firms. But, we may here quote one example, that of Craig Brothers. From enquiries we have made, we find that the business of this firm (with change of names) dates back to before 1638, at which time it was in the hands of the celebrated and wealthy William Dick, better known as Sir William Dick of Braid—the forebear of the Dicks of Prestonfield—then denominated "a foreign merchant,"—who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1638. It appears again in his grandson,

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is without the cows and the bows. Yet, in Liverpool or Manchester, who can compete with the blazon "'Twas cotton that did it;" in Sheffield, "'Twas steel that did it;" in Kidderminster, "'Twas carpets that did it;" in Dundee, "'Twas tow that did it;" in Glasgow, "'Twas pig iron did it;" in Leith, "'Twas Dantzig wheat that did it?"—few, indeed; —whereas, in Edinburgh, the merchants are looked down upon, not only by the titulars, the Honeycombes, the paper Lords, the retired Indians, but by the lawyers, and a great portion of the Writers to the Signet, whose motto, nevertheless, is just "'Twas

Sir James Dick of Prestonfield, "City Merchant" and Provost of Edinburgh in 1698. About this time Sir Hugh Cunningham, of an Ayrshire family, was taken in, and the firm was Dick and Cunningham, at the sign of the Anchor in the Lawnmarket. Intermarriages joined the partners in family relations, hence the present name of Dick Cunningham of Prestonfield. The business thence descended till we find it in the hands of one of the Cunninghams in 1790, who reversed the firm into Cunningham and Dick, by taking in William Dick, a cadet, of the family of the Dicks, described as residing at "the Brigs of Braid." On the death of Cunningham, Dick carried on the business himself, and on his death in 1798, it was purchased by John Turnbull, the late City-Chamberlain, who ultimately assumed John Craig (one of the Brothers Craig) as a partner, the firm being now Turnbull and Craig. On the retirement of Mr Turnbull, Archibald Craig joined his brother, and since that period two other brothers, William and Robert, have been assumed, constituting the present firm of "Craig Brothers."

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quarrels that did it." Then the Big Panes, who, in the other towns, dare no more than bob their heads over the counter to them, will consider it no inequality to hob-nob with them over the dinner-table.

The difference is the more worthy of remark that our Edinburgh merchants are often worth a plum, and, what is more, they are generally highly educated, and carry the manners of gentlemen. They can boast, moreover, of their corporate representative, the Chamber of Commerce, an institution of national celebrity and importance, whereby they contrive to draw within their cognizance, logic, and discretion, most of the great questions of the day. You may see a Sheriff condescending to read them a paper on judicial or juridical legislation, and they do not hesitate to overhaul a Reform Bill, on the ground that, as the House of Commons intermeddles with buying and selling, they have a right to intermeddle with it too. Edina forms mostly from out of them her Provosts, Bailies, and Councillors, her Police Board and Paving Board.

Her institutions and schemes of public improvement receive from them more support than from any other class of citizens, and, in times of distress, are they not foremost in eleemosynary expedients? We might call them the tutelars of our Modern Athens,

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while the tutelars, who look down on them, are the tutelars of themselves; and the honourable body of Advocates, who go a little farther, claim exemption from town imposts intended to make that tutelage effectual. To advert, in passing, to this exemption, we would think that the city had been greatly benefited by that body, so much so, that the motto of her pride and beauty might appropriately be "'Twas the Faculty did it;" and yet we never heard of any wonders they performed under "the Blue Blanket," or that the Golden Charter set forth any very chivalrous doings of theirs. We suspect, indeed, that if the motto were to be of any form of that kind it should be "'Twas the Merchant Burghers who did it."*

* Many examples could be given of the benefits derived by Edinburgh from the merchant burgesses. Without instancing the Hospitals, let us remember Bartholomew Somerville, the most conspicuous of these citizens, to whose liberality we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the University of Edinburgh on a lasting basis. "In December following, 1639," says Crawford, "the College received the greatest accession of its patrimony which ever had been bestowed by any private person. Mr Bartholomew Somerville (the son of Peter Somerville, a rich burgess and bailie) having no children, by the good counsel of his brothers-in-law, Alexander, Patrick, and Mr Samuel Talfer, mortified to the College 20,000 merks, to be employed for maintenance of a Professor of Divinity, and 600 merks for buying of Sir James Skene's lodgings and yard for his dwelling."—CRAWFORD'S *History of the University.*

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We used to be delighted with the stories of the old Athenian and Roman honours conferred on such citizens as deserved well of the Commonwealth. We sometimes see a modern imitation of this high principle, however seldom, but the prejudices in favour of ancestry are still too strong for public virtue and noble independence. Privileged classes, who contribute nothing to the public good, still enjoy exemptions and honours, while generous and high-minded men toil on from day to day through their whole lives for the benefit of their fellow citizens, and receive the reward of a few sculptured vocables on a head-stone. If they get a silver cup or a snuff box it is a wonder.* Lay your finger on some resident in the

* There is one phase of the snuff-box trade that is not generally known. We allude to the presentations made by sovereigns to the diplomatic gentry. The regular gift was a box with a portrait of the august donor, surrounded by diamonds. The order used to be forwarded from Buckingham or Carlton House to Rundell and Bridges, to supply such a souvenir. The goldsmiths forwarded one accordingly, which the King or Prince graciously placed in the hands of the recipient. The latter, on withdrawing from "the presence," bade his coachman drive to Ludgate Hill, where he placed the same box in the hands of the makers, who gave him for the pretty, but not much coveted ware, a modest but acceptable sum. The box did duty again at the next presentation, was charged for as a new one, and again found its way back to, and was bought by, the makers. The process was an understood thing, and nobody complaining, everybody was satisfied.—*Athenæum.*

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New Town: His father speculated in railways and he got a tocher; he had genuine connatural impudence, that quality which Hume says cannot be imitated without the spuriousness being discoverable; he spends a couple of thousands a year, feasts the exclusives, pays a pound to the Infirmary for the sake of being advertised, and boasts wherever he goes of the beauties of Edinburgh, the public spirit of her citizens, and the number of her public institutions. Well, we could point to another, say such a man as our worthy ex-Councillor R——n, whom we select out of a dozen merely because he comes first to our recollection. He commences the world in the far north with but a few shillings, he enters Edinburgh a stranger, he works his industrious way upwards to a high social position, and to a seat in the Council, becomes proud of the city of his adoption, attends to everything that may advance her prosperity and adorn her growing beauty; ready at all times to put his shoulder to the wheel, when his exertions are likely to prove useful to his fellow citizens, whether to raise contributions for the relief of the distressed, invite support to a public company, or work out some project of benevolence or philanthropy. In the midst of all this he is the architect of a handsome fortune; careless alike to be observed,

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or have each mite bestowed recorded punctually in every bill of news :—

> An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within ;
> Can give advice, can censure or commend,
> Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.

These are, we suspect, indifferent Castes wide asunder; might not the motto of the one be "'Twas industry, honesty, and benevolence did it?" that of the other, "The Lord Nozquhat did it?"

Much as we know in these days, we probably know even less than formerly of that very extraordinary and mysterious personage we have now noticed, The Lord Nozquhat.

He is full brother to the Lord Nozoo, discovered by Mr Charles Dickens, to whose genealogical inquiries into the family we are indebted for some information not to be got in Burke. While we award that gentleman this merit, we claim some for ourselves for the discovery of his relation. We have made inquiry at the Lord Lyon, who says, that while he is fearfully tormented by "The Lord Nozoo," he is scarcely less so by "The Lord Nozquhat," who comes to him in various dresses and costumes, representing himself by all known mottoes, *virtus*,—*decor*,—*justicia*,—*veritas*,—and so forth, and when inquiry is made, no such attributes are found about

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him. To look at him, or speak to him, you would suppose that he is a veritable titular going up slap to the Conquest, and he is always wanting to be matriculated, without having any feat of arms, or sycophancy, or cows, or bows, to stand for his importance and claim. You will see him in almost every Caste in Edinburgh. Take a walk along Queen Street, Moray Place, Heriot Row, Royal Circus,—away out about Greenhill, Church Hill, Church Lane, or the Grange, and look at the names on the plates, and make a little inquiry, and you will find him working his wonders like Jannes or Jambres, in a manner altogether different from anything they could accomplish in the olden times. It is needless to say that he is a disturber of Castes, seeing he can even aspire to the success of making them span-new; and this he does by his Protean versatility, and most Promethean inspirations. Not to say that we absolutely hate him, for he seldom interferes with our really *bona fide* men, such as the Merchants, who, for the most part—at least among us—are very much independent of him, being humble in comparison of their wealth and acquirements.

To say the truth, with many faults, there is often a dash of romance about him, which renders him for a season agreeable, if not humourous and funny.

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If he drive men to ruin, two or four in-hand, it is often in *quod* style, and the articles of virtu he patronizes for fine houses, are worthy of the admiration of a dilettante. He lends his countenance also to fine vintages and costly furniture. But he can work in other ways, whispering his pedigree and relationship into the ears of beggars, who immediately begin to put on mighty airs and pull away at the feet even of the Honeycombes, who, of course, despise him heartily; because, when they began to feel the inspiration of their Caste, he was without the power he possesses now. Not to say, however, that they are independent of him—as scarcely any Caste ever was, for he can lend an importance even to land, though what he displays his importance most in is *straw*. Of this he can make anything almost, beating it into paper diplomas, twisting it and casting it into the forms of men, so like the real genuine sons of Adam that, if you were to deduct a most supercilious air and swaggering gait, you could scarcely tell the difference.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SHOPKEEPERS.

Horatio.— . . . Is it a custom?
Hamlet.—Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are two customs common to all nations that have ever yet appeared upon earth,—matrimonial and mercantile barter. One might expect that they would always have been kept distinct, yet we fear they have never been so at any time, except, perhaps, in the sunny days of the Golden Age, or in such a place as Arcadia; and even there, we suspect that the goatherd Thyrsis often recommended himself to his Amaryllis by the number of his flock, so that if there had been fewer goats there would have been fewer piping Benedicts. Now-a-days, at least, the two customs are so wonderfully interwoven that

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we find the one barter, the matrimonial, has always something of the other in it; and, though the notion may appear whimsical, we may say, too, that no sooner does a man begin to transact the mercantile than he commences to think of the matrimonial. Accordingly, when a shopkeeper gets up his establishment of vendible articles, his plate-glass and revolving shutters, the notion of the commodity called a wife comes into his head almost as a natural consequence; and, on the other hand, if he has been fortunate or unfortunate enough to take a female partner before he commenced the other kind of traffic, his next step is to please her by "setting up" for himself.

We have been struck with the eternal connection between the two kinds of barter, shopkeeping and wifeseeking; you may find wiveless barristers, wiveless ministers, wiveless artisans, but wiveless shopkeepers very seldom. Nor is it that the matrimonial barter is in any way absolutely necessary to the mercantile, for you may almost depend upon it that the respectable shopkeeper will consider it altogether below his dignity to allow his partner to help him to draw the cash, however much he consents to allow her to spend it.

We are to observe something of this dignity of our Edinburgh Shopkeepers. In many respects we

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rather admire a proper professional pride: it is the expression of a man's true independence; but if the competition for shopocratic grandeur, as exhibited in our Big Panes and the rising Little Panes, is to go on in the ratio of the last few years, we know not where it will stop. True to the character of all competing aspiration, they are already beginning to complain of the airs of the Honeycombes and the other Castes, who press down so heavily upon them in Edinburgh; not even forgetting the while that they get their custom. Certainly they live upon these upper classes, they bow to them from behind the counter, they are for the moment their very obedient servants, they fly to get chairs to them, and are often in a terror lest they allow a look or a word to interfere with the bland humility of their business devoirs. But mark themselves: they are also all striving to be great in their own shopocratic and domestic way, and our only difficulty is to distinguish between the one kind of pride and the other.

Turn to what they call their establishments. They have not yet renounced the word shop, but we have a notion that, like some others of our good old Saxon words, it will go the way of "Haberdasher;" that most euphonic term, introduced with so much eclât by Mr John Neil, about the beginning of the cen-

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tury. There is a strong inclination towards the word "establishment," which, though rather sesquipedalian, for the tongues of customers, is more expressive of that economic arrangement, whereby, now-a-days, the shop is divided into departments appropriated to certain kinds of goods, and contain grades of salesmen and saleswomen. Here are internal Castes, the high and the low. The young "gentleman," set apart for velvets and silks, is not quite pleased if asked for winceys. The young "lady," appropriated to Ribbons, will not condescend to "Marabouts," or "Flowers." "Flowers" may be above "Pomponettes," "Pomponettes" floutes at "Trimmings," and she is a degree above "Buttons." Even among grocers we have a tendency to these counter Castes. A certain housewife was told by a shopman, not long ago, that his department was *not* butter. In all likelihood the custom, as in the case of the haberdashers, will take to growth; and then "Tea" will have a better right to resist condescension to "Butter," as "Butter" will have nothing to do with "Cheese," and "Cheese" may think himself perfectly justified in looking contemptuously on "Stock-fish;" who, again, may draw a line between him and "Red Herrings."

Recurring to the Haberdashers, we find other

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grades. The "Cashier" is a wonderful official, altogether of modern invention. The Salesman, like Robert Forsyth's client, who denied the receipt of a sum, on the ground that he despised the vulgar office of a custodier of money, is above "Cash;" and "Cash" looks down on "Check," who keeps in his toils the Salesman or Saleswoman; and then they all acknowledge some mysterious superiority in bowing, smiling, simpering "Shopwalker." An establishment with sixty or a hundred such personages, divided into Castes, is surely a great power, but what are we to think of the proprietor? You will seek for him up stairs and down stairs, and when you discover the "great mystery," you may feel very much as you would after being led by "plush and hair powder" along a vestibule, up a stair, along a corridor, and into a gallery, where some great lord is looking at a Raphael worth two thousand pounds, and, turning slowly, regards his visitor as a living picture not worth a penny.

Such customs seem to be rendered necessary by the changes of society, or rather like all other customs, they justify themselves.* Nor is it necessary

* The Haberdasher owes his cue to nature. Certainly there is a law in fashions, if one could but find it out. They have their cycles, like storms, and Poisson might calculate the periods of

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that there should be pride in all this, although the tendency is undoubtedly towards the generation of a struggle and competition which is the badge of our day, and the source of envy, and many other unamiable feelings.* The Small Panes become con-

their recurrence. Invention or fancy there is none, for nothing is new. An old thing comes in again: the hoop comes round regularly in an aggravated circumference. But, if there be expansion in one quarter, be sure there will be contraction in another, for such compensations belong to the scheme of things. Thus, while the bonnet has been dwindling away, the petticoat has been expanding, engrossing, and pervading all space—the one being mathematically the complement to the other. While the bonnet is now hardly visible to the naked eye, the petticoat fills the view like a mountain of millinery, and thus the ebbs and flows of the two are as regular as those of the tides at opposite ends of the globe. When the one is waning the other is increasing, and so on. When bonnets were worn of the size of those figured in Kay, viz., considerably larger than coal-scuttles, but of the same fancy and figure, petticoats were so scanty and so short as to give assurance to the world that ladies had feet and ankles—a fact, the evidences of which have lately disappeared. And so it will be again. And when the enormity of the petticoat has exceeded all bounds of endurance, when things have come to such a pass, where pass is none, that one lady exclusively fills and occupies one smallish room, the thing will begin to shrink and go to bonnet instead, and it will be all top instead of what it is now, which is quite the reverse.

* The ridicule which is cast upon whoever deviates from an established custom, however trifling and foolish that custom may be, shews the determination of society to exercise arbitrary sway over individuals. On the most insignificant as well as on the most important matters, rules are laid down which no one dares

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scious of the importance to society of the great Shop element. They are all on the move to become of the great powers, *præstat invidiosum esse;* and if the

to violate, except in those extremely rare cases in which great intellect, great wealth, or great rank enable a man rather to command society than to be commanded by it. The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. How serious those penalties are, is evident from the fact that, though innumerable persons complain of prevailing customs and wish to shake them off, they dare not do so, but continue to practise them, though frequently at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune. Men, not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny. The consequences of this are injurious, not only to those who desire to be freed from the thraldom, but also to those who do not desire to be freed; that is to the whole of society. The first mischief is, that a sufficient number of experiments are not made respecting the different ways of living; from which it happens that the art of life is not so well understood as it otherwise would be. If society were more lenient to eccentricity, and more inclined to examine what is unusual than to laugh at it, we should find that many courses of conduct which we call whimsical, and which, according to the ordinary standard, are utterly irrational, have more reason in them than we are disposed to imagine. But while a country or an age will obstinately insist upon condemning all human conduct which is not in accordance with the manner or fashion of the day, deviations from the straight line will be rarely hazarded. We are, therefore, prevented from knowing how far such deviations would be useful. By discouraging the experiment, we retard the knowledge. On this account, if on no other it is advisable that the widest latitude should be given to unusua

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emulation were merely in business there would be the less to regret, if not the more to admire, but unfortunately, we have to be reminded that the large men do not confine their greatness to the establishment; they seem to be all aware of the importance of that most ancient of all proverbs reported by Hesiod, "when you make a home, leave nothing undone to make it complete;" and one greater to them than Hesiod, even the wife, hints pretty broadly at the same thing. Just look along the suburbs of our city and see these mansions. Get over the threshold if you can—for the "*cave canem*" of exclusiveness is here also—and view the shining mahogany, the Turkey carpets, the six feet chevals and the piers, the costly pictures, the elegantly bound books, and all the rest—most of them belong to the aristocratic shopkeepers. And, if this were all, we would not yet have much cause for complaint. Surely a man is not to be blamed for loving the fine arts in his own house, if he is able to purchase good specimens; nay,

actions, which ought to be valued as tests, whereby we may ascertain whether or not particular things are expedient. Of course the essentials of morals are not to be violated, nor the public peace to be disturbed. But short of this, every indulgence should be granted. For progress depends upon change; and it is only by practising uncustomary things that we can discover if they are fit to become customary.—FRASER'S *Magazine*.

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the tendency, even were it a passion, is not an unhealthy one, and we know that many of these men possess superior intellects, have received a good education, and are often gifted with taste. And why not? The very Muses are professional, and if a man may sell the commodities that come of their inspiration, he may surely retain some for himself.

But, unfortunately, the men who are able must be imitated by those who are not able. Shopocracy has its castes, its emulation, its envy. There is something about a shop altogether peculiar. It has a sign; it is an advertisement. The man himself is, as it were, stuck up outside—*cymbalum urbis*—of necessity he has about him a certain amount of publicity, if he does not consider himself a kind of power in the body politic.* Independently of his own

* The pride of being able to effect sales belongs to the instinct of barter, apparently conatural, because it is a form of selfishness. It shows itself in strange ways. The father of the celebrated Dr Chalmers, says Mr Conolly, was chief magistrate and a considerable cloth merchant in the burgh of Easter Anstruther. That burgh raised a company of volunteers, in the year 1803, when the fear of a French invasion was everywhere entertained, and upon a discussion arising, in which the Town-Council and neighbouring lairds took a part, whether the colour of the uniform should be red or blue, Baillie Chalmers, himself an officer in the corps, and who was shrewdly suspected of having on hand a large quantity of cloth of the latter colour, suggested that "they should just

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promptings, there are too many damsels delighted that "nature has made them such a man," to allow him to escape; nor does he want; but the tendency of counter-gallantry would make him succumb to a modern fine lady; that is, one who has learned to play "Nid Noddin'" on the piano, at the expense of the art and inclination to cook a steak, rather than to a useful one of the old school. Then comes the house to hold her, and the furnishings to please her, and the servant, perhaps two, to wait upon her. Next comes the obliviousness that the shop till ought to wait upon the shop bill, and the tendency to make the shop bill wait upon the house bill; and lastly, this last bill is so liable to be enlarged in many ways, for what is the use (he comes to find) of a fine house if no one sees it? Not only is it of no use—it becomes positively painful, for it seems all to be lost; the heart yearns for the grandeur being appreciated, and "parties" are the legitimate mean of accomplishing this; but these will not condescend to bring their incenses unless they are bribed by dinners, wines, and bon-bons. Nor is all the evil included in the

tak' the *bue*," for it was mair peaceable like; upon which the laird of Innergelly (Mr Lumsdaine) remarked, "Ye're very richt Ballie, for it wadna be an easy matter to mak ye *waur* like."—CONOLLY'S *Sketch of Bishop Low.*

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bankruptcies which have called into being these Trade Protection Societies. Alas! many other evils are generated before the grand smash. The children have been inoculated with the spirit of caste in their very earliest years. They have grown up with it in their blood. They are small "blue veins" among the "gutterbloods;" little gentlemen and ladies among the keelies; and the females, when in their turn they marry a counter-louper, must play Garrick's farce over again.

This hot and seething competition of small greatness must be kept up by the natural means, and here we feel inclined to become a little severe. If we examine the inside of these establishments we find certain influences which are spreading effects not over healthy for the body politic. It is often enough remarked that our young women are more "dressy" than they used to be. Perhaps these self-willed creatures have always been adroit enough to know the value of personal decoration. They think they can fix a pearl ring in a man's nose more easily than a plain pinchbeck one. The trick is as old as the Bible, and they know that no amount of education will open man's eyes to it. But it rightly enough lies with us to inquire whence come the means; and as we are at a loss to know this in the case of the

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humbler ranks, we nod our heads and look very mysterious, just as if we were thinking of the social evil.

Now, we are very suspicious that a great part of the fault lies at the door of the Haberdashers, and that, too, we admit, without their being very much to blame. Certainly they are the modern serpents among these Eves.* One would think that they were eternally weaving charms to throw glamour over the susceptible eyes of these admiring and often admirable creatures, who, Heaven knows, are already by nature sufficiently inclined to be of plumage without song, and pretty blossoms without fruit. Indeed, we doubt if there is yet to be found one in a thousand

* SHOPPING AND A SHOPMAN.—Shopping? What a bore! I grant you, shopping is at times a bore, especially if you go to shop with ladies. A man is never more out of his element than when he enters the haberdasher's. There you stand, perhaps, at the shop door, for the time a discarded appendage—a mere fag-end of humanity—whilst your fair friends plunge into the mysteries of silks, satins, laces, and mouselaines-de-laine, winding up with the purchase of a yard of bobbin or a pennyworth of pins. I have admired the patience of a Job, but am astounded at the endurance of a shopman. And yet, is patience his only virtue? Verily, as Madame de Stael said of Bonaparte, "He is a system, not a man;" a regular combination of physical and moral excellencies. The labour of a Hercules, the winged heels of Mercury, the lying versatility of Œdipus, the eloquence of Cicero, the good looks of Ganymede, the craft of Ulysses, the polish of a Paris,—are all mere items in the composition of a perfect shopman.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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who would not swap even the most delightful novel in her blue painted chest, composed of some sixty numbers of one penny each, and containing two or three very bloody murders, several midnight marriages, and one great suspended mystery to be revealed in the last number, for a flaming ribbon to match the duck of a bonnet bought out of her last wages. But she saw it in a window; and who does not know that window dressing is a great art of modern times. Young men who become famous for it are in demand as sons of genius. Their masters know their worth; but the temptation does not stop here. Those peripatetic menages called the "Club Trade," or middle men, who stand between the shopkeeper and the poorer customers, who can pay only a shilling per week or month for the gown which is wearing on their backs as fast as the pocket empties, or rather as the debt set against the coming wage increases, are a a part of the great scheme formed against the unfortunate female class. This traffic, to the honour of the larger shops, is confined to the smaller, and does not extend to one half the length we find in some of the manufacturing towns, such as Glasgow or Dundee.

But there is another system, which embraces all our shops with only one or two exceptions, and that is

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the system of "tinges," "spiffs," or "skran," as the bonuses are called. The shopman or shopwoman is bribed by a premium on certain articles to "push." The art of pushing is the grand *sine qua non* in counter officials. They must push or be pushed. If they fail to effect sales, they are, too often, alas! discharged. It is of no use for a saleswoman to reclaim against a judgment of the shopocrat adverse to her success, that she does her best, poor soul, and the customers won't succumb. The test is the quantity she sells, and if that is small, notwithstanding of her "spiffs," she is judged as incapable of circumventing, tantalizing, bamboozling, charming, glamouring, or humbugging the people who happen to appear at her part of the counter. But it is the people who are really the sufferers. Servants are drawn with the verge of the snake's eye of charming influence.* Wives are made

* Mr Samuel Warren, in his charge already referred to, offers some good remarks on the dresses of servants: "Gentlemen, I ask you whether any observant person can walk the streets of our cities and towns on Sundays, when shoals of servant girls are abroad, without feelings of pity and disgust! Slipping out of front doors, and sneaking out of areas, may be seen kitchen and scullery maids, aping the absurdities of their superiors in station, with lace or make-believe lace petticoats, crinoline, kid gloves, parasols, and preposterous head dresses. What must be passing through their minds as they strut along thus dismally bedizened, inviting imputations on their character? Whence come the funds to supply this paltry finery? They easy fall a prey to the profli-

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treacherous to their economical obligations due to their husbands. Daughters are rendered undutiful by breaking through the filial obligation of obedience,

gate, and disable themselves from resisting the opportunity of robbing their mistresses and masters. Gentlemen, you know, and if you do not, I do, that I am here touching an evil of a serious and rapidly-increasing magnitude—one sapping the foundation of virtue and character in a great and indispensable class of society. But you will say, What is the remedy for it? Why, I will tell you. First of all, let their betters cease to set them an example of a preposterous and paltry love of finery, which they themselves are often as little able to afford as their inferiors, at all events, without shamefully and cruelly wasting the means of husbands and fathers. Let mistresses steadily and resolutely set their faces against finely-dressed servants. A general combination, with this view, in even a month or two, would be of incalculable importance. Do not let quickly cast-off fashionable clothing be given to servants, but be otherwise and charitably disposed of. Let lords and ladies—let gentle and simple—in their respective spheres of influence, inaugurate a more rational and wholesome state of things with reference to education, and then we may have a chance of again seeing that charming feature of an English domestic establishment—a worthy, trustworthy female servant. It is from the class of silly, light-headed, misled, miseducated young women of whom I have been speaking, that the ranks of vice are incessantly and largely recruited, of which, from my judicial experience, I could give you heart-rending instances and illustrations."

Hear what a dame of the old school says in regard to servants. "Servants are no noo what I mind them anee. I am owre auld to serve noo, ye ken; for I was a servant for about fifty years, and I was jist in three places a' that time. My maister and mistress were baith faither and mither to me. Their guids and their gude name were as precious to me as my ain. I never thocht o' leav-

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and thus the evil looks a little serious even before it blurts out in the shape of an item in the accounts of a bankrupt's expenditure. But then, on the other hand, fine houses are kept up on such systems, grandeur thrives on victims, and victims bleed on the glittering shrine.

Yet withal we are only mild critics. Everything has a sufficient reason, as Leibnitz says, that is as regards the individual, however it may fare with public morality. We would rather be curious in characters than in systems.

ing them. We hadna great wages, to be sure; but if we were clean and decent we didna care about being braw, and trying to be like fine ladies, wi' silk gouns and flounces, and parasols, and ribbons, and falderalls. The same Sunday claes served us for mony a day; and we helped our puir friends wi' siller noos and then, to pay the rent, or schule their bairns; and we're aye putting some past for the stormy day. But we had mony a thing better than siller—we had a *name* in the family; and we kent a' the folk, auld and young; and we watched the lads and lasses frae the cradle to the bridal—aye, and maybe to the grave; and we kent a' the folk that cam about the big house; and we liked them, and they liked us. Hech! it was blythe and heartsome to work for them that were jist as our ain folk. But noo, pity me! they hire servants for a month! and they gang fleeing aboot frae house to house, and frae toun to toun, caring nae mair aboot maister or mistress than aboot them they never set eyes on; and what's as bad, the maister or mistress cares little for them; if the wark is dune its eneuch! Eh! it's a sair division *that* in families!"—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

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There are many excellent men shopkeepers; in the main their characters will bear any fair scrutiny, and perhaps we have been striking at great exceptional tendencies more than at generalities. If the shopkeeper loves a good house, fine furniture, and a showy wife, it is the consequence of something he feels in him as a public man. We have said he is naturally an important personage. He comes in contact with the big and the little. He chaffers, he talks, he bows, he simpers, he measures powers of persuasion against a lord or a lady's powers of resistance. He conquers, and he often despises the conquered, because he knows, and knows truly, that they only *condescend* to allow themselves to be charmed by him and his vendibles. He is, above all, a very progressive personage, almost always a Liberal of some kind, for he feels that his nature requires an outlet on the other side of that where he is pressed by the necessity of a submissive fealty or obedience to haughty customers. The Ballot is his god, and through his influence it will sooner or later be carried, for he must strive for liberty against the bondage of an obligation to those on whom he lives.

There are also elements of unhappiness in his business. The dreaded "fourth" of the month comes upon him like an armed man,—trade has been dull,

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his bills are payable, his credit is at stake, and he is short of the "needful." The "Black List" may either stare him in the face or loom in the distance, but his dishonoured bills, once recorded there, his credit is cracked as china that has received a flaw.* If he glories in publicity, the shopkeeper must, like the spider, spread his web every day over his windows, and trust to an Ausonian breeze from Melbourne Place; but the day is rainy, and there are no blue bottles abroad, and he watches in his close retreat behind in vain,—pushing his head out every now and then and drawing it in again. Some naturalists assert that the spider when he can catch

* At a select party in Edinburgh of "bien bodies," there were an ancient couple present who had made a competency in a small shop in town, and retired from business, leaving their only son a successor to the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. But John, after a few years, had failed in the world, and his misfortunes became the theme of discourse:—"*Mrs A.:* "Dear me, Mrs H., I wonder your Johnnie did sae ill in the same shop you did sae weel in." *Mrs H.:* "Hoot, woman, it's nae wonder at a'." *Mrs A.:* "Weel, how did it happen?" *Mrs H.:* "I'll tell ye how it happened. Ye mun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandise, we took parritch night and morning, and kail to our dinner. When things grew better we took tea to our breakfast. And weel, woman, the age mended, and we sometimes coft a lamb leg for a Sunday dinner, and before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie, we were doing sae weel. Now ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandise, he began wi' the chuckie (fowl) first."

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nothing eats up again his old web. So, too, he of the shop is often obliged to become his own customer, but he cannot, like the spider, eat only what is his own, for unhappily the materials of his web did not issue from, however much they may enter into him, be consumed and leave a wreck behind.*

* Why do we plain Presbyterians allow the Catholics to take precedence of us in a reform of our dressing extravagance? Listen! "A council of Bishops has just assembled at Perigneux, in the south of France, and have fulminated a decree against expensive habits in dress, which has created quite an excitement among the belles of the place. 'We can comfort them,' said the journal of the place, 'with the assurance that, as the decrees of the council cannot go into operation until they have received the sanction of Rome, at least eighteen months must elapse before they will be carried out.' In a city of Belgium, extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves were obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the bills that loomed up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers have resolved to bring about a salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a committee which meets once a-week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly the retrenchments made in her household expenses. They say that happy results have already been obtained, and that similar associations are to be formed in the neighbouring towns."—*Courier des Etat Unis.*

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONGLOMERATES.

——————— Pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, and cries of wo,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
Made up a tumult that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.
Inferno, III. 22.

At the bottom of these strata there is a mass of *debris* huddled together, and cemented by mud, showing us stones that have been worn and rounded by having been rolled about in the angry surges of life, broken pieces of molluscs, with here and there some less abraded and shattered, so that they bear something of the form they once bore when the sun shone on them, and they contained living, breathing, moving organisms.*

* The best account we have of the Wynds of Edinburgh, is that published some years ago by Dr George Bell. He was accompanied by a Lord and two Professors:—"Under the guidance of

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An old town and a new town—the one rising out of the other, as it were, is no uncommon thing. It is just the normal mode of improvement, as we call it, or rather just the old juxtaposition of the Baron's Castle, and the mud huts, which clung to it for defence; the mud huts contained persons who were often grateful to the great Lord for more than protection, if, indeed, he would not recognise them on the way as fellow-beings; but our modern great Lords being satisfied that, as our town clergymen often tell us, the rich and the poor will all meet in heaven at last, they see no use for anticipating that happy meeting here on earth. There is this difference, too, that, under the primeval system, the great Lords never themselves occupied the residences of the poor, whereas, in our city, an entire town, once occupied to a great extent by the proudest men of the land, has been vacated and deserted by the old tenants, so that we have presented to us in Edin-

a very intelligent criminal officer we visited a great variety of places, our object being to see the people when they were together. This can only be done at night when they are all housed. We saw large samples of every section of the plebeian class. It is impossible to describe the scenes in the High Street and the Closes which open upon it on either side. The eye can refract them, but the mind refuses to absorb them. A very little is more than enough to constitute the subject of the gravest and most painful reflection."—*Day and Night.*

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burgh that singular feature of the poor down to the dealers in old trogan, matches, and rags, and farther, to the very beggars with their poorly fed communities of B flats, and other blood-sucking parasites, taking possession of the halls and dining-rooms and sacred nuptial bed-rooms of their lordly masters.

But this physical state of matters affords us an occasion for a moral sermon to those who have thus left their ancestral halls. It has been said that a sermon may be found in a stone, and it is true, for who shall tell the history of a pebble from its creation, mayhap out of that singular *idola* called "nothing," —of which so many—Bayle, Rochester, Porson, and Hugo Arnot have said "something,"—up to the time when cut and ground by the lapidary into a lens, it shows us the stars that looked down upon it ere yet the eye of man was formed. How much more practical a sermon might our New Town magnates read in those stones over the way yonder. They are honeycombed now like the old castles by the years which passed over their forebears, carrying with them the very notes of exultation, the song of mirth, and alas! too, the dirge which no riches can shut out of the ear of the great, just as the New Town palaces are in the act of being honeycombed by the year which is resonant of present triumph. They

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never think—what would be the use—of the certainty in time when these too shall get old, and be left in their turn by their descendants to be replaced by another swarm; such sermons are not preached in Princes Street as St Giles tolls four of the fleeting day.

It was a lucky freak of Nature that North Loch which bubbled up from beneath the Castle rock—not that it received, as they say, a good many new-born infants from secret chambers in the grand closes, but because it was to precede those fine gardens which now tend to keep from the too close view of the New Town gentry the poor population of the Old Town. We have heard it said that Jeffrey dragged Harry Cockburn one night down Bell's Wynd, to mount the stair where the grandfather plied his occupation of Barber. The young advocate was then getting into the blaze of his fame, which, bright as it was, could not put out the light of those early days when the little fellow used to run and see the good old shaver. But Harry had not much of the romantic in him; though fond of flowers, he had no relish for "the flowers of Edinburgh," and so he bolted with his finger on his nose, declaring—for Harry would not have given a pun for a page of romance any day—that the place was *barbarous*. Such is a

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type of the feeling with which the Conglomerates are contemplated by the higher Castes. These will turn up their fat goggle eyes at the richness of the sky-line of the picturesque buildings,* as seen from the grand parade, but another organ is elevated when they come within nose-shot of those who occupy them. You will seldom see one of those refined creatures, so like so many busts of Parian from the shops of Minton or Wedgewood perambulating that grand ridge where—letting alone the grandees—Hume, and Johnson, and Boswell, and Creech, and Ramsay, and Gay, and Scott, thought it no dishonour to walk; if it be not occasionally when one,

* Whoever has been in Edinburgh, the noble capital of Scotland, cannot fail to have remarked the immense height of the houses in what are called the "closes" of that romantic and picturesque town. All the artisans to be found in a common village are often congregated together under one roof. The multifariousness of avocation in one building gave rise to the following lines from a stranger who was struck by this peculiarity in the Scottish metropolis:—

"You may call on a friend of note, and discover him
With a shoemaker under, a staymaker over him.
My dwelling begins with a periwig-maker:
I'm under a corn-cutter, over a baker;
Above, the chiropodist; cookery too;
O'er that is a laundress—o'er her is a Jew;
A painter and tailor divide the eighth flat,
And a dancing academy thrives over that!"

Philadelphia American Courier.

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moved by antiquarianism, would like to take a look of Lady Stair's house, or that occupied by Lady Lovat, where she received the Duke of Argyle, or may be that room in the White Horse, where the waiter dared to touch with his fingers the sugar which was to sweeten the tea of the surly lexicographer. Yet there are no bad odours now; the "gardyloo" has long ceased its shrill cry—the showers of roses no longer fall—aye, but there's poverty, and poverty, as Blackwood asserteth, has a bad smell.

And is there no sufficient reason for this dislike? We suspect there is, even that of the very soul of Castes. It is said that rich and great people are fond of homage, but beyond a certain Caste, the homage is changed into hatred. If we deduct a few simpering beggars, with hypocrisy veiling rancour and changing the ichor of spite into the saliva of abject flattery, the poor population of the Old Town view that of the New with anything but the feeling of love.*

* It is not long since a friend of ours witnessed a curious example of that rabid feeling of hatred against the rich so often indulged in by the poor and unfortunate. The envy which tries to keep off misery becomes hatred when it fails. One of the Old Town women had found her way to St Andrew Square, in a state of half-intoxication. The night was bright moonlight, the hour about eleven, and all was so still that a woman's voice could be

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There has always been a peculiarity in the Edinburgh mobility. Not the mere assertion of the rights and claims of poverty,—but a predisposed bitterness of spirit, jealous of conciliation, and ready on all occasions to shew itself upon the smallest, or no provocation. The character is historical, as any one may see by taking up a History of Scotland, where you will trace it in the rugged churlishness of the Remonstrants, the fury of "the Cleansers of the Causey," and the yells of the avengers of the Porteous victims. Dip down from the lower Mechanics, where everything like a Caste ends, and you come to these Con-

heard a great way. Here was our heroine perambulating the pavement very deliberately, and quite occupied in cursing every house she came to. She went round the Square several times, throwing volleys in at the house once occupied by Dr Gregory, then at Gilbert Innes's, where she was peculiarly energetic. "And you, you auld w——monger, wi' your three dizzen bastards. I kent the mither o' a half-dizzen o' them, puir Burnet, and a bonnier lass before ye ruin'd her wasna in braid Scotland. Hell tak ye and a' your kith!" Then, looking up for higher game, she fixed her eye on Lord Melville. "And ye 're up there, too, ye auld rascal, wi' your Admiral'ty tricks that should ha'e hanged ye on a wuddy. Wha set ye up on that grand pillar, ye auld scoondrel, when better foulk are obleeged to walk upon the earth? Come down, ye auld villain," &c. One would be astonished to find among some of the old people in the Old Town a great amount of knowledge of the histories of the greater families in the New. It is derived from servants, and many have been servants themselves.

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glomerates, all stuck fast together by the sympathy of a kind of resolute misery, and with sharp cutting edges, ready for the soft sole that would pass over them. But for this sympathy they are heterogeneous. They have among them, doubtless, the descendants and representatives of the old wild mobs, mixed with a great mass of Irish, and trampers from the west and north, and not lightly sprinkled with those who, having seen better days, descend among them with those passions that are distilled from hearts too hard for remorse.

We wish to avoid the too common danger of general descriptions of masses of people. We do not speak thus of all the poor of the Old Town of Edinburgh. There are thousands who, living from hand to mouth, have yet so much of regular employment, in whatever out of the way things that forcibly—as it would almost seem—redeemed from the reprobate, they contrive to live a quiet orderly life, from that innate sense of propriety which is sometimes found to be unassailable, by the worst examples and the most luring temptations, and even the ruggings of despair itself. Our missionaries and philanthropists can speak hopefully of these. We offer them our mead.*

* "We had often wondered," says Dr Bell, "how the Lowland Scotch mechanic retained his virtue and his courage, when so

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The virtue that is in them is almost always in the fire of purgation, and a drop from that tortured alembic through which they are tried, must, by thinking men, be held to be priceless in comparison with those very streams of goodness that, in the high Castes of the New Town, flow so plentifully from juicy hearts, throbbing with the exultation of abundance, and thrilled by the thousand influences of social happiness. The satirist cuts deep, and can scarcely be followed by the detecting eye, when he says that money makes virtue. He would indicate that it is not genuine, but somehow or other the Brummagem marks are so indistinct that we can scarcely discover the difference between the supposed counterfeit and the real sterling article. Sometimes the difference can only be known by God, in whose gift is that gold with its so many talismanic agencies. But, whatever doubt there may be here, it is our glorious privilege that we are left in no doubt about the quality or reward of that virtue, which is not

many malign influences are at work, whose tendency is to destroy both. Now, as before, we saw him maintaining a defensive war against adversity of every kind—against a compound adversity which we cannot understand his resisting for a month. We saw him exemplifying the most encouraging truth, that when virtue and courage dwell in the breast of a man, even the poor-law finds it a hard task to pauperize him."

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only independent of gold, but can exist in the very midst of corruption, even in that circle drawn with fire by the devil.

We know that in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and overlying and sometimes mixed with our Conglomerates, there are numerous instances of these tried poor, and we are the more willing to state this strongly, that our estimate of the underlying mass may be free from the charge of misrepresentation.

That it is with this mass, as we have said, we fear, there is no reason to doubt, yet we suspect their manner of life is scarcely known, except to themselves, or some of the missionaries who are bold enough to face human nature in a condition even too abject for religion. The numbers are the consequence of a facility of low housing not known in any other part of the world; and, as in the case of a certain race of animals which congregate about granaries, of the proximity of another rich and populous town. The ridge on both sides, with its descending wynds, is an enormous assemblage of cells. The "lands" are in the proprietorship of a strange fraternity of lairds, whose business it is to let out rooms, each of which is the residence of a household. The trade of lairdship is itself a comparative novelty. When a man collects, by whatever means, a few hundreds, he be-

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comes a proprietor of some large ricketty pile, with scores of tenants, who view him as a great man, even though, as sometimes happens, he has lost his nose in that very "happy land" of which he is the master. Yet with this respect of the great collector of his tenpences a-week, the poor wretches mix a humour, sometimes calling their collections of dormitories "A——'s dens," or "B——'s dens," as if to take their change out of him as a *quid pro quo*. These men are the very *argivi fures* of landlords. They are in league with their cognate class of pettifoggers, and the crew rejoice in jubilations in the low houses, where whisky elevates the one into Lords of extensive domains and the other into important legal functionaries. They seem all to know the old Roman saying, that until a serpent eat another serpent it cannot become a dragon. They have all eaten their serpents a hundred times, so that it may be made certain to their victims that they are veritable dragons—a fact which their victims never think of calling in question.

It is far easier to know how these great lords live, for we have only to count scores of tenpences wrung out of misery, than to catch a notion of how the tenants contrive to get up those tenpences, and to buy potatoes, white puddings, potted-head, and whisky.

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Half-a-dozen of trades will be carried on by the denizens of one room—shebeening, out-of-door apple-selling, match hawking, newspaper selling, prostitution, thieving, subletting for an hour to vagrant couples not intent upon singing psalms.*

* Though the public be tired of pictures of low life, we may give one or two to justify our text. "Ascending to the third storey of the same land, by means of a dilapidated wooden stair, we came upon what is falsely called a lodging house, kept by an Irishman. It has two rooms, but one of them is sublet to a third party, concerning whom he studiously maintained a profound silence. His own place was in a shocking state. When we opened the door, the confined air rushed out and nearly upset us with its loaded fœtor. The cause was soon explained. Within one small apartment, not more than fifteen feet in length by nine in breadth, we found no fewer than eleven persons, all of them grown up men and women. Four of the inmates, young girls, were in bed, of which there were three. Others sat crouching round a miserable fire, in a state of half-nudity, and with a shawl or petticoat thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The male portion of the company, big hulking fellows, stood with their backs to the fire or leaned on the edges of the beds. The furniture consisted of a deal table, a few chairs, and a press. The beds were covered with dirty rags of a brown colour, and the effluvia was sickening." Take another:—"One room into which we entered was, with one exception, a specimen of the whole. It was no larger than an ordinary sized bedroom; yet there were sixteen human beings in it, seven of whom were fast asleep on the bare floor. Behind the door lay a young woman and two very young children. She had evidently come in and at once thrown herself down where she lay. There was a strange contrast between the calm and pleasant-looking face of the mother, and the half-smiling expression which played over the faces of the children, and the haggard suspicious looking

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The worst feature of all is the apparent total want of the touch of responsibility about their dried up hearts. This appears a mystery to moral and reli-

countenances of those that sat or stood around. It was difficult to know how so many could contrive to lie in so small a place.' "In one of these rooms (of another land), in one of the worst beds, lay a young woman, well-dressed, who had been carried up and tossed down with shawl and bonnet on to sleep out the fumes of a debauch. It is almost an abuse of the word to say that she slept, but she lay at least in that heavy inanimate state peculiar to a drunken trance. This young woman's life might almost be said to be made up of this deadness, alternating with other vices, of which it was at once a cause and an effect; for the landlord informed us—'She was an awfu' lassie for drink, and though she had lived for some time with him, she was in the same state nearly every night.' In the next room were three men preparing to go to bed. One of them described as being jolly, was a flying stationer, who seemed disappointed that Professor Goodsir was not with us, and whose digressions upon philosophy we cut short in order to visit the kitchen, where a motley company of about fifteen had met. They were in the act of frying sprats, but a rambling soliloquy from a good looking but drunken young man, and 'Coming through the rye,' from an old woman, also very much besotted, almost drowned the hissing from the frying-pan. An Italian organ-grinder, who had lived upwards of twenty years in the Edinburgh Wynds, and who had almost forgot the language of his native land, was one of the company; and beside him a blind man, who perambulates the streets with a dog, was rather merrier than the whining tones of his supplications on the Earthen Mound would have led us to expect." "In passing through the bedrooms, we remarked that there were upon an average about six sleepers. In one lay a speech-crier, who has cried all the executions and extraordinary love-letters, at the low charge of one halfpenny, as long as we can remember.

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gious persons. We are not surprised at what are called hardened people, who are supposed to have some power of resisting for the occasion—and far beyond the occasion—even in bed, in the dark and lonely hour, the touches, aye the ruggings of the monitor. Even these, however, can be said only to resist. There is some such energy in the human mind; but the very word resistance implies some-

"In another place near we recognised an old sailor, whom the reader will doubtless have heard bellowing, with the lungs of a Stentor,—

'Ye British tars be steady,
Maintain your glorious name,'

with anything like an example to support the precept of his song. The number of these professional beggars is almost incredible." "On the opposite side of the Wynd (Toddrick's), we entered a dark cellar and found it occupied by two men, four women, and a number of children. They were all huddled round the fire, but none of them appeared to be engaged in any kind of work. An old man, the master of the house, told us that most of the inmates were lodgers, and that they just picked up a living the best way they could. An irregularly shaped hole in the wall led us to a dark place, about eight feet by six, where there was a straw bed. The floor was quite damp and covered with filth. A door in the opposite wall opened into a low-roofed cellar, where another family lived, and where lodgings were also kept. The light of day never entered into these dens of squalid misery"—*Visits to the Wynds and Closes of Edinburgh.*

In all that we have read on this subject, we scarcely see an allusion to any Bible being seen in these places. The only book mentioned by Dr Bell as having been seen in his travels, was "Wilson's Tales of the Borders."

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thing to battle against, and the universal law by which man "shall know the evil that he doth" is not shewn to be shut out. But in these indwellers of the Edinburgh wynds, we lose sight often even of the stray and flickering light which is "the candle of the Lord" though in the socket. There is something to distract those searchers into the philosophy of conscience, even the Gisbornes, the Sir James M'Intoshes, and the Chalmerses. There seems to be a line under which the power ceases its pulse, the internal light to shine, the touch to produce the response of a heart-twinge.

We cannot help ourselves. Let the sceptical go and be dismayed. This moral phenomenon cannot be shut out from the vision of man in those days when old philosophical conventionalities are undergoing analysis in the crucibles of modern thought. There is to be found in the places under our survey, some mysterious accommodation of fallen nature to an irremediable condition. In place of the old proverb, *conscientia mille testes*, we have not even the small voice tried to be concealed and reduced to one stammering witness in place of the thousand. A running account is opened with Fate, and the debit and credit keep so sternly to the old balance of misery,

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that hope dies away to be replaced by that elasticity of despair which helps the wretched and the miserable to some reconciliation, in which neither religion nor conscience has any part. They will even tell you that religion is only for those who have nothing to trouble them, and verily they think it. The story is typical:—

"Now, Biddy, you seem to be comfortable here: a clean room, a good bed, and good people who would fain do what they can to make you happy. Surely you ought to be grateful to the Almighty for being so good to you."

"Aye, but, gude faith he'll sune tak the change out o' me in rheumatiz and corns."

The New Town people, though as a rule they think it best "to pity at a distance," and with the fine gardens between them and their forlorn successors, see enough to satisfy them of the state of these people. But we have something to say of a tribe of which they cannot form any idea: those who superintend in the evenings the Refuge for the Houseless are the individuals to speak here. Question them and listen. To have a room and pay for it is to be eminent; to have the privilege of a shake-down among half-a-dozen all in good companionship with vice and misery,

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amounts to the sign of a status. There are the small glimmerings of the right of contract here, aye, there is an estate in the tenant—the *invecta et illata* being a short-gown and petticoat, or a jacket and a pair of trowsers, and there is a tract of tenancy to run, though only till day-break in the morning, when the new lease of the sun's light commences as free to them as to the Lord in the New Town. There is something human here, and we can understand it; but in the Night Asylum there appear strange spectres. No man can tell whence they come, no one could venture to augur whither they will go. They are single unconnected phenomena, owning no relation apparently to any other human being. Thrown off by even the night-tenant, who brags he can pay twopence for his shake-down, they seem to have in their turn renounced their kind. It is little to say they are scarcely covered. Hatless, shoeless, shirtless, they exhibit the very extreme of rags and wretchedness. Their appearance is of the most appalling description, and calculated not merely to offend the eye, but to produce sympathetic effects—as experience can testify—especially on females. What rags they have on are almost insufficient to contain the colonies, whose love for their masters is the only token that seems to shew they are connected with

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creatures endowed with life, and that if they had anything to be proud of, it is that they feed the hungry, they themselves being a-hungered.

It is a vain thing to question these moral comets. Their answers are as wild and incoherent as their orbits and wanderings—the greater chance is that you get no answer: they are tired of answering. They eat their supply like hungry dogs who are too much occupied to wag their tails,—even thanks have dropt out of their vocabulary, and they lie down apparently without thought, for they are brought to that relief of no-thought which is the right of despair in its most freezing conditions. In the morning they are gone. They would not in some instances consent to stay even under a promise of something being attempted for their good. They would be then human.

It is a common dream of the optimist, that bad training and ignorance are causes at the bottom of the existence of this shame of our kind. There might be much in the statement, if we could establish that early discipline and some good moral learning produced effects, always or even very often in proportion to such means. We know that they do not. There is the old fable of the two fountains sacred to Apollo, from the one of which flowed wine, and from the other honey, and that when the bees came to sip of these

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they were hit by the arrow of him of the golden lyre. But the Greeks laughed at their own fable, and said that even these seductions did not make all men poets nor all women poetesses. The truth, we fear, is, that while Nature insists upon the universal law of Castes, she will have some one to begin with, and we know that she never, like her hopeful children who build castles in the air, jumps to her conclusions. Her steps are gradual. She begins low down and mounts by degrees. There will always be, as there has always been—a huddle of Conglomerates. Nor are the individuals either always fools or knaves. The atoms of the social *residuum* are of all shapes and sizes and weights, and if you will force one to the top it will sink a-plomb by its natural gravity. So determined and inevitable is the law, that the members of this fated class resist all means to benefit them. They will consent to be clothed, fed, or instructed, but as for the art of rising in the world they have no genius for it. But are we to be hopeless in those days of regeneration and discovery, when Hugh Miller tells us, that ravenous death-dealing monsters were in the world long before death came by sin; and when Sir Charles Lyell discourses in presence of the Prince Consort, of the bones of men who lived and were eaten by Hyænas some millions

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of years before Adam; and when, in Ireland and America, there have appeared a species of revivals so full of revivification as to knock men down, may we not, amidst such wonderful developments, expect that some power of the latter kind may reach the dead shell-crusts of these Conglomerates. Who knows?

But are no means used? Yes—a solitary missionary occasionally gets into a den by holding forth some reasons for hoping a physical bribe. Some indomitable Rebecca Ferguson will clamber up one or two of those rotten stairs, and grope her way ben to some Judy, Peggy, or Grizzy, who will take the tract for fire paper, and her pence for whisky. Of all knowledge that of the great mysteries of our faith is the hardest to them. You can scarcely divest them of the notion that God will still "take the change out of them" in some shape, and as their own sufferings, which are not sanctified, never do them any good, they cannot think that the sufferings of another who knew no evil can benefit them. We refer here principally to Protestants; for the Catholics—thanks to the Conollys or O'Dohertys—have really some knowledge of their religious primers, especially those parts that tell them that the change to be taken out of them is mere coppers. The Protestants do not hold out the same tempting offers,

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and the faith that is required of their old Neophytes is choked amidst their pains and miseries long ere it has a chance of reaching either the head or the heart. Verily, the knowledge will not stick where the resiliency of the vibrating nerve throws it off. The story is again typical: The good man speaks of the Redeemer on the cross—the sweat and the bloody drops:—

"What has that Saviour done for thee, Martha, what suffered, what purchased? Art thou not abased with gratitude till thy very eyes fear to look up to Heaven where he now dwells, still pleading the cause of such mighty sinners as thou? Yea, the very sinners that caused that agony and these bloody drops."

"Eh! Sir, but that was sae cruel a business, and sae lang syne, that a body wad really fain houp it wasna true."

How long it is till the Heaven-drops get down to that hard bed of Conglomerates.

Yet, with all Dr Bell's descriptions and our own observations of these people, we are apt to commit some mistakes as to their real condition. The old Greek was right who said that all people, men and women, laugh and weep with Jupiter, but, it is nevertheless true, that they do not all laugh and weep in the

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same way and for the same causes. If you take a look of the perambulators of Princes Street or George Street, you would verily believe that they require no more than black clothes and weepers to induce you to think they are all on the eve of attending a funeral—so intensely grave, so decorously sombre, as if there were no joy in those hearts covered with silks, or velvet, or cashmere, and cheek-by-jowl with stomachs busy with unctuous morsels rolled under the tongue—the choicest dainty bits from the cook or confectioner. Would you know the reason? It is not altogether that mirth is unfashionable—there is a reason beyond, deeper down in the nature of man; these people are in *possession;* they are too much occupied by the real red heat of their internal happiness to need to flicker and crackle away in the outward symptoms of mirth. A man will laugh if he has the chance of picking up a dinner somewhere to satisfy his necessities, but the certainty that he will see, when he goes into his own dining-room, the snow-white table cloth and the various well garnished dishes set forth thereon, all for his individual enjoyment, and, as a collateral embellishment, the old cob-webbed, tin-foiled bottles on the sideboard, is far too seriously delightful to be spent in a play among such easily excited and vulgar organs as the laughing

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muscles. A little nitrous oxide will do that, yea, a tickle under the armpits. He would rather look grave under that certainty, for gravity belongs to dignity, and how much dignity there is in the productions of such geniuses as the cook, the butcher, the confectioner, and butler.

But, if you pass from the Castlehill to Holyrood, you will meet nothing but fun and merriment all along. A soldier chucks Jenny under the chin; knots and cliques explode at some half-drunken mome or mime; hags, from respective counters, puff on the wings of a jovial oath in each other's faces the first breath that comes off the top of the dram newly swallowed, and the sympathy is acknowledged in an idiot cackle; rude friendships, formed on the instant, dodge along arm in arm; low born loves find suitable expressions in embraces passed off for fun; shopping goes on in a kind of play; the barrow-mongers chaffer over the dry cheese, veneered with a thin slice of rich Dunlop; numberless urchins in rags thread through the maze, busy in their mimicries and imitations. Why, these sombre figures in the New Town are mere melancholy shades in comparison. And thus it is that philanthropy, who will see no other junction than that between poverty and misery, is thrown out of her reckoning. Yet she need not

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be so. This linking of wretchedness and mirth is the worst symptom of the moral disease. It is nature reduced to despair in working out her accommodations. There is a skeleton at the backs of all these harlequins, and columbines, and pantaloons, but somehow it has no terrors for them. They must still laugh with Jupiter, and the weeping! It is reserved for the dens in the closes and the hours of collapse. You must go there to hear it, but it is not the weeping that softens and amends, rather that which dries and aggravates till the day-light and the bustle come again, and the old scenes are enacted in the returning day and the closing evening.

Out of 180,000 inhabitants of Edinburgh there are 40,000 that never go to church, and 15,000 children who never go to school. The old are philanthropy's forlorn hope. She may as well let them alone and begin to look to the young blood, but it must be *very* young. We have sad misgivings even here, but some say we are getting on. A Social Science Association, with Lord Brougham as its leader, has been started, and we shall mend presently. If we have any doubt, it arises from a want of any evidence shown to us that the Association has been, as yet, brought within the verge of these revivals. In

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all their harangues we have heard nothing of a certain book called the Bible being held to have any concern with their social improvement, and we suspect, that until a few of the members shall have been knocked down by the true reviving *afflatus*, we cannot expect much good of their work of regenerating human nature. The cognate Association, called the British, whose last meeting was so near Balmoral, has done some execution against Moses, and the sister one may shortly arrive at the consummation of some similar triumph, such as casting overboard the book in which Moses wrote altogether. We are in the age of development,—as the great scroll is unrolled we cry out in wonder, "Great is the mystery of God," but as fold comes out of fold the *ubi* of his throne seems farther and farther removed from our eyes, and the glory which was once as a fire is receding into the old black cloud of ungodliness. Outside, the sepulchre is getting every day more beautiful than Parian, and the inside, more rotten than a corpse.

In sober seriousness, we suspect the whole question between the rich and the poor stands yet in the same position it did years ago. It is still the old story of Dives and Lazarus:—"There is a book in which we read that there was once a

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rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and that there lay at his gate a certain beggar, full of sores, who sought the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; and that the dogs came and licked his sores; and there follows then an awful revelation of the spiritual state of those two men, and their eternal awards. The story is eminently picturesque. But let us only expand the narrative. Take each particular, and let it grow to a worse variety and a colossal magnitude. Let the rich man be a company, a city of rich men, the richest, without hyperbole, on the earth, and commanding by their wealth the wealth of all the earth. Let them surpass all the world in the elaborate costliness of all that contributes to health and material enjoyment. Give them palaces, and furniture, and equipages, and jewels, and pictures, and food for a thousand finer tastes than those of the coarse voluptuary in the parable. Let the poor man be worse than poor, degraded, all sores in and out, vitiated in soul as in body. But let him be helpful and necessary to the rich man, building his palace, procuring his rich fare, and contributing, as foulness can do, to his purple and fine linen. So let there be more than a painter's juxtaposition. Let there be an actual bond and a useful relation. Let this bond, then, be

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utterly disregarded; and, instead of the rich man at his board and the beggar a few steps off at the gate, let the rich man and his whole fraternity hie away before sunset every day to earthly paradises afar off, quite clear of diseased beggars or reeking labourers, so that their very crumbs shall not reach such miserable objects. Then let the poor be driven from the portals of the rich, even from their storehouses and their banks, and be cooped up in horrid lairs and dens. Let them lie there without even the natural separation of wild beasts, or that instinctive jealousy which makes the male protect the dam from intrusion, and guards his whelps from harm. Let the fact be such as parable could not describe, painters could not paint, and angels would not look upon. Let there be not even dogs to lick the poor man's sores, and when he dies let him hardly even be buried. Then let all his future be dark and hopeless. Let there be a vast crowd in this horrid state. When we have said all this, we should not describe inadequately two actual classes and conditions in our city."

THE END.

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